

# LIVELY DIALOGUES

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL, UP-TO-DATE,  
COMIC AND ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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BY  
WILLIS N. BUGBEE



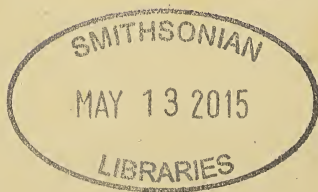
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## A FEW HINTS ON THE PRESENTATION OF DIALOGUES.

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The dialogues contained in this volume do not, for the most part, require elaborate stage settings, and the costumes and properties are such that may be easily arranged. Full descriptions are given where needed.

### ASSIGNMENT OF PARTS.

In preparing for the presentation of a dialogue, the first, and quite an important step, is the assignment of the parts. Some people are by nature fitted to act certain parts to perfection, but in any other capacity would fail utterly. The parts should be given to those who can bring out all the expression and meaning that the lines are intended to convey. It is sometimes advisable to change the wording of certain lines to make them fit local conditions.

### REHEARSALS.

As soon as the parts are assigned, the drill work should commence. There are usually certain expressions, gestures, etc., that need to be explained before the parts are learned. Do not cease drilling until the lines are thoroughly committed to memory. In all the drill work aim for naturalness, enthusiasm and distinctness. Be sure that every detail is carefully rehearsed. The voice should be regulated to the sound-



ing capacity of the room in which the dialogue is to be spoken.

#### PROPERTIES.

Almost every dialogue requires some properties. These should be arranged so that they may be found when needed. The failure to have some necessary property at hand at the proper time may cause considerable embarrassment to the speakers. It is well to make a written list of everything needed, and be sure they are on hand before the beginning of the dialogue. If necessary, have a person designated to take charge of the properties and costumes.

#### COSTUMES AND "MAKE-UPS."

Young people always like to "dress up." The simplest dialogues will usually admit of some costuming, that is, different clothing from that ordinarily worn by the actors. Arrange the costumes appropriate to the position or occupation of the characters represented, as, for instance, the merchant wears a business suit, the minister wears a long black clerical coat, the farmer at home wears overalls tucked in boots, frock, etc.

A few of the costumes frequently called for in these dialogues may be mentioned here. The old lady character may wear full plain skirt, kerchief about the neck, hair combed plainly and powdered with talcum powder, spectacles and cap. The old man may wear loose coat (figured dressing gown, if in domestic scene), hair powdered, spectacles and cane. The typical back country people may wear old style clothing, found in almost any garret, among which may be mentioned poke bonnets, hoopskirts, linen dusters, etc. The old maid wears old style clothing and "corkscrew" curls hang down the sides of the face.

Chin whiskers may be made by fastening wool to a

fine wire which is bent around the chin and fastened at back of ears. Goatees, sideburns and mustaches may also be made of wool with small pieces of adhesive plaster glued to the under side by which to attach to the face.

Lining pencils (which may be obtained of the publishers of this book) are almost indispensable in imitating old age and foreign characters.

Make it a point to have one rehearsal in full costume, that all may become familiar with their own costumes and that their attention may not be distracted by the novel "make-ups" of the others at the time the dialogue is rendered.

The following dialogues are presented to the reader with the sincere hope that they may prove a means of enjoyment and satisfaction.

THE AUTHOR.

# LIVELY DIALOGUES

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## MR. CHUBB'S HOUSEKEEPING TRIALS.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. CHUBB.

MRS. CHUBB.

HENRY CHUBB.

DOROTHY CHUBB.

WILLIAM JONES.

BRIDGET, *the servant.*

SCENE: *An ordinary room. MR. CHUBB present, reading a newspaper.*

MRS. CHUBB *enters with hat and gloves.*

MRS. CHUBB. I'm glad you came home to dinner, John, and that you do not have to hurry back. The Foreign Missionary Society meets this afternoon and you know I haven't been in so long. It will be so good of you to look after the house for a little while.

MR. CHUBB. But, my dear Jane, I—

MRS. C. Now, John, don't try to hatch up any excuses. You know you told me this morning that business was very quiet and that it was only a matter of habit your going to the office at all.

MR. C. Yes, but I—

MRS. C. And you know today is the election of officers. It's a very important meeting.

MR. C. Oh, I see, you are running for office.

MRS. C. No, not that, but I think it is my duty to be there today.

MR. C. Well, really, I am sorry, but—

MRS. C. Oh, there isn't much of anything to do—

just answer the telephone and look after the children to see that they don't get into mischief. I could almost leave the house in Bridget's care, but you know she hasn't been with us long and I don't feel quite safe in doing so.

MR. C. No, I s'pose not, but I—I—

MRS. C. There, I knew you'd stay. It's so good of you. There won't be much to do, and I'll be back as soon as I can. Good-bye, John. (*Exit.*)

MR. C. Well, if this isn't cool. Here I am in a nice scrape, with children and servants to look after, and the doorbell and telephone to answer and goodness knows what else. I must telephone to the office at once and let them know the particulars. (*Goes to telephone.*) Hello, central! Give me 708—I. Hello! Is this you, Wiggins? Well, say, I can't come down to the office this afternoon. Struck a job as superintendent of the day nursery. What's that? Oh, my wife had to go to a missionary society and has left me in charge of affairs. Want assistance? Well, if I want any I'll call you up. Oh, say; if Johnson comes in, tell him to call again in the morning. That's all. Good-bye. (*Sits down and takes up paper to read. Sound of cat me-owing may be imitated by a boy outside.*) Great Scott! What's that racket? What ails that cat?

*Enter DOROTHY.*

DOROTHY (*excitedly*). Mamma! mamma! Where's mamma?

MR. C. Your mother isn't here just now. What in the world is the matter, anyhow.

DOROTHY. Oh, Henry's got the cat in the parlor and is swinging it around by its tail.

MR. C. (*shouting*). Henry! Come here this instant.

HENRY (*peeking in at door*). What is it, pa?

MR. C. What are you doing with that cat?

HENRY. Nothing, pa. Just trying to see if it will always land on its feet. I've heard folks say it would, but I wanted to prove it.

MR. C. It is better to accept some things for the truth than to try to prove them. If you don't let that cat alone, you and I will have a little private meeting in the back woodshed.

DOROTHY. Where's mamma gone, papa?

MR. C. She's just gone down to the missionary meeting for a little while.

DOROTHY. What's a missionary meeting, papa?

MR. C. It's a place where women go to talk about the heathens and about women who do not happen to be at the meeting.

DOROTHY. Is that all they do, is to talk?

MR. C. No, they try to think up schemes to raise money to buy clothes for the heathens.

DOROTHY. Say, papa, I'm glad mamma's gone. Now we can play cars with the parlor chairs, can't we, papa? That's the way we always do when she goes away.

HENRY. I'm going to be the engineer. (*The telephone rings. MR. C. goes to answer it, meanwhile the children arrange chairs in a row. HENRY takes the front chair and "toots" in imitation of an engine. DOROTHY takes a rear seat and holds her doll.*)

MR. C. Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Chubb's. No, Mrs. Chubb is not at home. Who is this? Oh, Miss Wright, the milliner? Yes. Mrs. Chubb ordered a new hat? You want to know whether to put a plume on it or to trim it with chiffon and ribbons? Well, really, I don't know. What's the difference in the cost? Thirty-five dollars for the plume and twenty dollars for the ribbons? That's more'n I'd pay for either one, but I suppose she'll have to have something. Well, put on the ribbons and let it go at that. Be done tomorrow night? All right. Good-bye. (*To himself.*) Twenty dollars for a few ribbons on a hat. That beats me. (*Espies children, who are making a great racket. MR. C. stands with arms akimbo and surveys them.*) Well, Great Cæsar! What's all this?

DOROTHY. Oh, we're just playing cars, papa.



Henry's the engineer. We're going to London, ain't we, Henry?

MR. C. I'm of the opinion that some folks will go to bed before long if there isn't less racket.

DOROTHY. Oh, papa, don't send us to bed. We're having fun. (*A knock is heard at the door.*)

MR. C. Come in.

*Enter WILLIAM JONES.*

MR. C. What is it, William?

WILLIAM. My mother sent me down after the pay for the dress she made for your wife two weeks ago.

MR. C. Hasn't she paid for that dress yet? How much is it, William?

WILLIAM. Seventeen dollars and a half. She promised to pay it last week and mother says to tell her she can't wait any longer for it. She's got to pay the coal man.

MR. C. Seventeen dollars and a half, did you say? Well, here's your money, young man. Tell your mother I'm sorry she had to wait so long for it. (*Exit WILLIAM.*) Seventeen dollars and a half for a dress and twenty dollars for a few ribbons on a hat! I'll certainly be bankrupt if it continues much longer. Wonder what'll be next?

DOROTHY. Don't you want to ride, papa? We'll soon be to Londontown.

MR. C. Well, Dorothy, if bills keep rolling up as fast as they have in the past few minutes, we'll all take a trip to Londontown. That'll be the easiest way out of it. (*Sits down to read.*)

*Enter BRIDGET.*

BRIDGET. Plaze, sor, your wife tould me to make some short biscuits for tay, so she did that, and faix I've clane forgotten whither it was soda or ginger she did afther tellin' me to put in. Which shall I put in, sor?

MR. C. Soda or ginger? Ha! ha! That's a puzzler

for me, Bridget. I'm not very well versed in the art of cookery myself. Perhaps you had better put in a little of each, then you'll be sure.

BRIDGET. Faith, an' I'd niver thought uv that, at all. It's a cliver mon ye be, Mr. Chubb. I'll jist put in half uv each, that I will. (*Exit.*)

MR. C. Ha! ha! What will Mrs. Chubb say to that? I think I will eat bread tonight. It is better for one's stomach. (*Sits down to read; telephone rings.*) Wonder what's up now? (*Goes to telephone.*) Hello! Yes, this is John. Oh, I'm getting along swimmingly. No, don't hurry home; stay as long as you want to. Hope you're having a good time. What's that? Going to elect you president of the society. Well, all right. Good-bye. (*To children.*) Come, children, get your hats and we'll go for a little walk.

DOROTHY. Are we going to the missionary meeting, papa?

MR. C. No, my child, I couldn't endure anything of the kind. Your mother's going is enough to suit me.

HENRY. Are we going to the ball game, pa? Oh, do!

MR. C. We're just going for a little walk to relieve my tired nerves. (*To audience.*) Mrs. Chubb shall forever have my sympathy in her housekeeping trials. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

## GRANDPA DEAN'S TALKING MACHINE.

## CHARACTERS.

GRANDPA DEAN.

GRANDMA DEAN.

TOM, *a grandson.*SUSIE, *a granddaughter.*

HENRY SLOCUM.

MARY SLOCUM.

SCENE: *An ordinary sitting room.*GRANDMA *discovered sitting in a rocking chair.**Enter* GRANDPA DEAN.

GRANDPA. Well, ma, I've been down to see Squire Higgins today about that patent on my talkin' machine.

GRANDMA. I s'pose he thinks you can get it all right, don't he?

GRANDPA. No tellin'—mebbe I will and mebbe I won't. Leastways it's got to take its course 'long with a lot of other new inventions. They've got to look up all the records, etc., to see that there ain't nothin' else like it.

GRANDMA. What! Have you got to send all your records down there for them to look at and listen to?

GRANDPA. No, not them kind of records. It's the lists of patents in the office at Washington and the writin's describin' 'em.

GRANDMA. An' then if there's someone else got something pretty near like it you can't get a patent on it?

GRANDPA. That's about the size on it.

GRANDMA. Well, I guess you don't need to worry much. Tain't at all likely anyone else is a-going to git up one jest like it.

GRANDPA. Mebbe not and mebbe so. You can't generally most allers tell who's going to do this and who's going to do that.

GRANDMA. Yes, I've heerd that great minds often run in the same channels.

GRANDPA. Now, ma, don't go to makin' things out biggerin' they be. The Squire 'lowed it was the best talkin' machine he'd ever heerd and he's heerd 'em all.

GRANDMA. Of course it's the best. Everybody knows it that's heerd it play. I wish you'd start up one of them good old songs we used to sing at singing school. (*Sound of footsteps outside.*)

GRANDPA. Here comes somebody else to hear it.

*Enter TOM, SUSIE, HENRY and MARY.*

GRANDPA. Why, howdy, boys and girls! What be you doin' over here?

TOM. We came over to hear your talking machine and we've brought two of our playmates with us, because, you see, they've never heard it. Their names are Henry and Mary Slocum.

GRANDMA. Why, bless your dear little hearts, come right along and sit down. Pa is jest going to set it agoin', so you came jest in time. (*GRANDPA places a large imitation of record inside the machine and begins to turn the crank. Some one inside sings some old-time song, or if it is wished to appear more ridiculous, one of the late popular songs may be sung.*)

TOM. Ain't that slick?

HENRY. Sounds just as if somebody was a setting inside that box singing.

MARY. Well, maybe there is.

HENRY. I'll bet there is, too. It sounds just like it.

TOM. No, there ain't. Didn't you see grandpa turn the crank?

MARY. Is that what makes the music go?

TOM. Yes, that's it. I say, grandpa, play that piece on the violin.

SUSIE. Yes, grandpa, we'd all like to hear it.

GRANDPA. All right, Tom. You seem to like that awful well.

TOM. Yes, I guess we do.

(GRANDPA *changes record, meanwhile someone who can play the violin takes the place of the singer in the box and plays as grandpa turns the crank.*)

MARY. Isn't that lovely?

SUSIE. Didn't I tell you grandpa's talking machine beat Dora Drumm's pa's phonograph all to pieces.

MARY. Yes, and I didn't believe it, but I do now.

(GRANDPA *pretends to change record again and another song is produced.*)

HENRY. I wish my pa'd buy it of you. How much will you sell it for, Mr. Dean?

TOM. 'Tain't for sale, is it grandpa? Tell him "No."

SUSIE. No, don't sell it, grandpa.

GRANDPA. Well, not jest at present. Mebbe we'll make some more jest like it some day, then your pa can buy one if he wants to.

HENRY. Oh, goody! We'll get him to buy the very next one you make.

GRANDMA. Now, pa, play something real lively for the children, and see if they can keep step to it.

GRANDPA (*changes record*). How will this do? (*Turns crank. Children may two-step about the stage or execute a cake walk. At the second verse, TOM and SUSIE turn the crank and GRANDPA and GRANDMA may take a turn, if desired.*)

#### CURTAIN.

NOTE.—The "talking machine" may be made by covering a large dry goods box with dark paper or cloth and fastening a crank from a clothes wringer or grindstone into the side of the box. A large horn made of pasteboard and covered with gilt paper or cloth may be fastened to the upper part of the box in imitation of a phonograph horn.



## READING THE NEWS.

## CHARACTERS.

GRANDMA.

WILLIE.

GRANDMA *is discovered in rocking-chair, knitting, and WILLIE reading a newspaper.*

WILLIE. He! he! he! I guess he got enough of it that time. Guess he won't never want to do it again.

GRANDMA. What are you talking about, Willie? What is it you're readin'?

WILLIE. About the fight between Muldoon and O'Rafferty. O'Rafferty was done up in three rounds. He! he! he! Good enough for him. He's been bragging how he could lick Mul—

GRANDMA. Tut! tut! tut! Willie. Don't you know that stuff isn't good for folks to read, let alone boys? I wish you would read something out of the paper for me.

WILLIE. Oh, you can take the paper if you want to, grandma. I'm through with it.

GRANDMA. No, you read something, Willie. My eyes are so poor that I can't see to read it.

WILLIE. All right, grandma. Shall I read about the football game between Yale and Harvard?

GRANDMA. No, I ain't interested in football. There's too many gits killed or hurt in them games nowadays. I'd rather hear about the marriages or deaths if you come across any of them.

WILLIE. Well, here's an account of the marriage of the Duke of Buzzfuzzio to the oldest daughter of John B. Moneygrabber.

GRANDMA. Yes, I think I'd like to hear about that. Them foreign dukes are awful interesting persons.

WILLIE. It says here, "The marriage of the son of the Duke of Buzzfuzzio"—

GRANDMA. Oh, I thought it was a real duke.

WILLIE. Well, it's next thing to it, ain't it? He'll be duke some day like enough. Lemme see where I was—"to the oldest daughter of the Hon. John B. Moneygrabber occurred at the house of the bride's parents on Millionaire avenue, yesterday at 12 o'clock.

GRANDMA. Who was there, Willie?

WILLIE. My! There was a lot of big bugs, I guess—the Duke of Limberger, the Duke of Hambugovitch, and a lot more dukes and dukesses, besides a lot of railroad presidents and millionaires—oh, I tell you it was a grand affair.

GRANDMA. Does it say how the bride was dressed, Willie?

WILLIE. Yes, it says—let me see where it is—yes, "The bride wore a blue and white checked gingham dress and the groom wore a blue serge coat and brown corduroy trousers.

GRANDMA. What's that, Willie? She wore a gingham dress?

WILLIE. That's what it says in the paper.

GRANDMA. And the Duke of Buzzfuzzio wore corduroy trousers? The idea!

WILLIE. Well, it's all on account of your interrupting me. I just got switched off into the next column where it tells about the wedding of Mike Colihan and Bridget O'Flynn. Gee! They must have had an exciting time. It says they danced till daylight the next morning. They had two or three rows and—oh, my! I wish I'd been there.

GRANDMA. But you haven't read how the duke's bride was dressed yet.

WILLIE. Oh, yes, I forgot. It says—it says—"The bride wore an elegant lavender silk dress trimmed with the finest handmade lace that could be found in the French markets. The whole outfit was made by Monsieur Smith of Paris, France, at a cost of four

thousand francs." Whoopee! Just think of that. "The hair and breast were adorned with American beauty roses." It don't say whether the duke wore corduroy pants or not.

GRANDMA. Did they get any presents?

WILLIE. Oh, my, yes—bushels of 'em. The house must have been cram full. Just listen! Among the presents received was a handsome cut glass set from the Duke of Paddyrewski, a solid gold bracelet from the Duchess of Dusenberry, a gold watch from the Hon. Jacob Perkins, a pair of shoes and a calico wrapper from the bride's father, a clothes wringer from Pat Donovan, and a potato masher from—

GRANDMA. What's that, Willie? A clothes wringer and what kind of a masher?

WILLIE. A potato masher from Tim Murphy. I s'pose mebbe that was for a joke.

GRANDMA. Land sakes alive! Ain't you got onto the wrong column again?

WILLIE. Well, mebbe I have. Yes, that last was about Mike Colihan and Bridget O'Flynn—and oh, say—one fellow went home with a black eye.

GRANDMA. What? From the Duke's wedding?

WILLIE. No, from Mike Colihan's. I s'pose it was almost as good as a circus.

GRANDMA. I guess you hadn't better read any more. I can't make out half of the time whether you're reading about the duke or somebody else.

WILLIE. All right, grandma. (*Whistle is heard outside.*) There's Johnny Winkle whistling for me. I couldn't stay any longer, anyway.

CURTAIN.

## THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

## CHARACTERS.

MR. DEWBERRY.	MRS. DEWBERRY.
JOHNNY DEWBERRY.	MRS. BUMPUS.
MR. BUMPUS.	MAUD BUMPUS.
BOB BUMPUS.	DOLLY BUMPUS.
SAM BUMPUS.	EMMA BUMPUS.
ELDER LAMB.	POPCORN BOY.
CONSTABLE.	VENDERS <i>and others.</i>

*Costumes are those of back country districts.*

SCENE: *A fair ground. A lemonade stand in a rear corner, and vegetables and other articles on exhibition give the appearance of a country fair. Preceding the dialogue there may be a medley of sounds, as of roosters crowing and the calls of sheep, cows and other animals (imitated by boys behind the scenery), mingled together with the cries of venders. The latter may include dealers in lemonade, popcorn, balloons, whips, etc. People passing back and forth on the stage should carry souvenirs of the fair, as yardsticks, fans, etc.*

*Enter MR. and MRS. DEWBERRY and JOHNNY.*

MRS. DEWBERRY. Hiram, dew let's sit down here and rest a spell. I'm clean tuckered out a-trapsin' 'round looking at them poultry and hosses and critters and sech like.

MR. DEWBERRY. Wal, you dew git tuckered out the easiest of anybody I ever heerd tell of. Howsum-ever dew you git all the churnin' and washin' and bakin' done up when you're at home, I'd like to know.

MRS. D. That's diff'rent, somehow or other. I guess it's all on account of this new alpaca dress. I feel a good deal comfortabler in my old calicer one.

MR. D. I should think 'twould be just t'other way 'round. But jest as you say. If you want tew set



down here, why here we'll set. We kin see the folks jest as well and I don't know but a leetle better. (*They sit down.*)

JOHNNY. Oh, pa, see that woman over there by the lemonade stand. She's drank five glasses right down one after the other. I saw her.

MRS. D. Oh, pshaw; I guess you're mistaken, Johnny.

JOHNNY. No, I ain't ma. I counted 'em on my fingers. Can't I have five cents for some lemonade, pa?

MR. D. Wal, here's a nickel. Hustle up or they'll hieve it all drank up 'fore you git there.

JOHNNY. Oh, goody! (*Runs to lemonade stand.*)

MRS. D. I dew declare, Hiram, see who's comin' over yonder. Old Mrs. Bumpus with all the little Bumpuses taggin' after her.

MR. D. My land! I ain't seen her since the last fair. Let's see; there's one—two—three—four—five yung uns beside the baby. I'll be jiggered if they don't look jest like a pair of stairs.

*Enter* MRS. BUMPUS, *carrying baby and followed by* BOB, SAM, MAUD, DOLLY *and* EMMA.

MRS. BUMPUS. Why, howdy, Mrs. Dewberry. How do you git along? And Mr. Dewberry. You look jist as natural as can be.

MR. D. Landy sakes! How your children dew grow. Seem's as if they was all little tots last time I saw 'em. And you tew, Martha. Why, you're gettin' tew be a buster.

MRS. D. Now, Hiram, ain't you ashamed of yourself. (*To* MRS. B.) How's all your family? Where's the rest on 'em?

MRS. B. We're all pretty middlin' well. Half of the family's here. I guess they don't look as if they was a-sufferin' much. There's Stephen, the oldest boy's down in New York, Mary Jane is off to Ketchamville to school and Sally Ann, Susan, Henry and Adoniram had to stay to home this year 'cause there



wan't room enough in the wagon for 'em all. You see we have to take turns bringin' 'em to the fair.

MR. D. I should think they'd have to take turns in eatin' and sleepin'. Must make Josh and you hustle a bit to keep 'em all fed and kivered. Where is Josh, anyway?

MRS. B. Oh, he stopped to talk with Squire Briggs. I guess they've got some sort of hoss trade a-goin'.

MR. D. Jest like Josh. Allers swappin' hosses, and, I vum, I never heerd of his gettin' beat 'cept once, and that was when he swapped long o' Deacon Stout. Ha! ha! ha! Here comes Josh now.

*Enter MR. BUMPUS. MR. D. shakes hands with him.*

MR. D. Howdy dew, Josh. We was jest speakin' of that little hoss trade you had with the Deacon. Dew you recollect that?

MR. B. Yes, that was the wust I ever got took in. I've steered clear of deacons ever since.

POPCORN BOY (*passing across stage*). Popcorn! Peanuts! Five cents a bag!

MR. D. How's crops been doin' down your way this year, Josh?

MR. B. Tolerable. Did you see that ere punkin that I fetched in? It took the fust prize and was declared the biggest one ever raised in these parts. 'Twas all three on us could do to get it into the wagon.

MR. D. Must be a whopper. I never seen a punkin yet that would take more'n two of us to lift.

MR. B. Wal, then you hain't seen this one, has he, Martha?

MRS. B. There ain't no talkin', it certainly is a big one.

MR. D. I rec'lect onct we had one so big that the young uns scooped out the inside of it and used it for a playhouse all that fall. Had doors and winders in it jest like a real house. Hain't never seen any like it, though, since.

MR. B. I swow! You can tell a bigger one than

I can. But you jest come 'round and see mine. It'll surprise you.

POPCORN BOY. Popcorn! Peanuts! Five cents a bag.

BOB. Oh, ma! I want some peanuts.

SAM. So do I. I'm holler clear through.

MAUD. I'd rather have a glass of lemonade. Can't we have some, pa?

DOLLY. I want some, too.

EMMA. Yes, pa, lemonade.

MRS. B. I don't see any other way, but you'll have to buy 'em something, pa.

MR. B. Let's see how much it'll take. (*Counts*) Ten—twenty—twenty-five cents.

MR. D. Ha! ha! ha! Come purty nigh bankrupt-in' you, won't it?

MR. B. (*feeling in one pocket and then another*). I declare, Martha, what you s'pose I done with my pocketbook? (*Continues to hunt through pockets.*)

BOB. You put it in your back pocket—I saw you.

MR. B. Wal, that was jest what I was thinkin' but 'tain't there now.

MRS. B. Maybe that popcorn boy's got it. I saw him pick something up.

MR. B. Which way'd he go? Holler to him, quick! Hey, you, bring back that pocketbook! (*Rushes off stage swinging his arms.*)

BOB. Go it, pa, you're a-gaining on him. (*Runs after his father and is quickly followed by Sam.*)

MRS. B. Mercy me! I never saw sech a man. He's allers loosin' something—his glasses or his knife or his pocketbook. Here, Maud, you take the baby. I must go and help your pa. He had 'most \$200 in that pocketbook.

MAUD. And all his punkin money, too.

MR. B. (*re-enters leading boy by the collar*). I got him at last, but he says he don't know nothin' about no pocketbook.

Boy. I don't, neither, and I'll tell my pa on you.

MR. B. Wal, I shouldn't care if you tell your ma.

Mebbe you'd better search him, Martha. It's about all I can do to hold him.

Boy (*squirming*). Lemme go! lemme go! I didn't steal your pocketbook.

MRS. B. I saw you pick something up from the ground just before pa missed his pocketbook.

Boy. 'Twan't nothing but a suspender button. Lemme go! lemme go, I say!

*Enter* CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE. What's all this row about? I'm the constable here (*shows badge*) and we can't have any such going's on as this. What's the matter, boy?

MR. B. Somebody stole my pocketbook, and I have reason to think this boy took it.

CONSTABLE. What makes you think a boy would take it? Did you see him?

MR. B. Martha—that's my wife—saw him pick up something from the ground.

Boy. I didn't neither steal your old pocketbook. See, mister, it was this here suspender button what I picked up. I saw that man with the tall hat have a big pocketbook. Maybe that was yours.

MR. B. Was it a big red one?

Boy. Yes, and it was chuck full of money, too.

MR. D. He looks just like one of them pickpockets that you read about. I wouldn't wonder if he was the chap.

CONSTABLE. I'll find out. It takes a pretty sharp fellow to get away from Bill Slocum, the constable. (*Exit.*)

MAUD. There, he's got him, and they're coming back this way.

MRS. D. My! he looks as if he might be an awful bad man.

CONSTABLE *re-entering with* ELDER LAMB.

CONSTABLE. Here he is, but I don't know if he's the fellow that stole your pocketbook or not.

ELDER LAMB. My good people. There is a mistake here. I know nothing about your pocketbook. I have only one, and that I brought from home with me this morning.

MR. B. This boy told us he saw you have a large red one and that was the same kind as mine.

ELDER L. I will show it to you if you would like. You will then see the mistake you have made in suspecting me of robbery. (*Shows pocketbook.*) Is this yours?

MR. B. No, that ain't mine.

CONSTABLE. Have you looked through all your pockets? (*MR. B. feels in pockets again.*)

MRS. B. Mebbe you put it in the portmanteau.

SAM. I'll bet you left it in the wagon.

MR. B. Wal, I'll be teetotally kerflummixed if it ain't here in this coat pocket (*pulls it out of deep pocket in coat or duster*). I thought I'd looked through the hull on 'em.

BOY. I told you I didn't steal it, but you wouldn't believe me. Now, I've lost a lot of trade hanging around here.

ELDER L. And I have been put to a considerable annoyance and humiliation in this affair. I wonder what the people of Spruceville would say if they knew their pastor had been taken for a thief.

MR. D. Be you a preacher?

ELDER L. Yes, I am the pastor of the Union church of Spruceville.

MR. D. Wal, I swow, Josh, you've stirred up a pretty rumpus.

MR. B. Yes, I guess that's a fact. It's my treat. Come on everybody and have some refreshments.

MRS. B. Come, children, we'll all go and have some lemonade (*all exeunt*).

CURTAIN.

## THE CAROL SINGERS.

## CHARACTERS.

JOHN.	ANNA.
HENRY.	SUSIE.
GEORGE.	ALICE.
WILLIAM.	MARY.
MR. STEBBINS.	MRS. HOUGH.

*A street scene. JOHN, HENRY and GEORGE present.*

JOHN. I say, fellows, what are we going to sing?

HENRY. Let's sing "Jolly Old St. Nicholas."

GEORGE. No, no; let's sing "Marching Through Georgia."

JOHN. Ha! ha! ha! That isn't a Christmas carol. That's for Fourth of July or Decoration Day.

GEORGE. It's good enough for me any time.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

WILLIAM. What's going on? If there's any scheme being hatched up, I want to be in it.

JOHN. Sh—don't make so much noise! You've read about the carol singers in Old England, haven't you? Well, we are going to sing some carols for some people in this town. We're to sing them under the windows just like lovers do to their sweethearts. You know how that is.

WILLIAM. Um—m—m! Yes. Serenade them, you mean. Who is it you are going to serenade?

GEORGE. Well, first we're going to sing a lovely carol for old Mrs. Hough. She always wears such a gloomy countenance that we thought it might cheer her up a little.

WILLIAM. I guess she'd be glad to have a lover,



but maybe not quite so many all at one time. It's a good idea, however, and I am with you.

JOHN. Here come the girls. Come girls! We're waiting for you.

MARY. Isn't this going to be glorious fun!

SUSIE. Let's begin right away.

JOHN. Tune up, then. Here's Miss Hough's window. (*All join in singing a Christmas carol or song. After the first stanza is completed, the sound as of a window being raised is heard, outside, and a voice calls sharply.*)

MISS H. (*outside*). Marcy on us! Laws-a-me! What's all this ere racket? Is bedlam let loose, or have you young uns all gone crazy? I never heard sich goings on in all my born days.

WILLIAM. Why, Miss Hough, don't you know? We're serenading you.

MISS H. (*still outside*). Serenadin' of me. Land o' Goshen! What hev I done that you're a serenadin' of me, I'd like to know?

ALICE. We aren't serenading you, Miss Hough. William knows better than that. We're singing a Christmas carol for you, as they did in the olden times.

MISS H. Oh, is that it? Well, that's some different. Was that all of it?

GIRLS. No, there's another verse. (*All sing.*)

MISS H. (*appearing in dressing sack*). That sounds kinder nice after all. It makes me feel as I did when I was a girl at Christmas time. I guess—I guess I'll have a little celebration of my own. Yes, I'll hev it tonight. Maybe you young folks would like to come around and help me enjoy it. I'll have some candy and nuts and some things of that sort—and say—if you see anyone else that's sorter lonely and needs a little Christmas cheer, why bring 'em along. I'll be glad to see 'em.

ALL. We'll do it, Miss Hough. Good-bye, and a

Merry Christmas. (*MISS HOUGH leaves stage and the others pass to opposite side.*)

JOHN. She isn't so bad, after all. Her heart's in the right place.

HENRY. Pretty good beginning. Who's next?

GEORGE. Old Mr. Stebbins. He needs cheering up a bit.

ANNA. Perhaps he'll shoot us for burglars. I begin to feel afraid.

JOHN. Pshaw! He won't do anything of the kind.

WILLIAM. Oh, here's his house. Now ready. (*All sing some Christmas song. Voice is heard soon after they begin.*)

MR. STEBBINS (*outside*). Scat! Scat! Scat! I ain't going to have no blamed cats howling 'round here.

GEORGE. Let's sing louder so that he can hear. You know he's deaf and he thinks it's cats yowling. (*All sing very loud.*)

MR. S. (*poking head into view*). I declare if it ain't boys and girls. Lucky I didn't throw that boot-jack. It might have killed one of 'em, then I'd have been sent to jail. What's it all about, anyway?

MARY. It's Christmas, Mr. Stebbins.

ALL. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

MR. S. Christmas! Christmas! I declare, so it is. I'd clean forgot all about Christmas. But, then, Christmas ain't what it used to be.

GIRLS—

We've come to bring you Christmas cheer,  
And happiest greetings of the year.

SUSIE. We've got an invitation for you, too, Mr. Stebbins. Miss Hough wants you to come to a little Christmas party at her house tonight. We're all going to be there.

MR. S. Miss Hough? A Christmas party? Do you really mean it?

ALL. Yes! Yes!

MR. S. I believe I'll go. I've kept to myself a

leettle too much lately. As I come to think of it, I've been a sort of—sort of—

WILLIAM. Crab, Mr. Stebbins, a crab.

MR. S. Yes, that's it. I've been a crab. But I'm going to open up tonight, and you may tell Miss Hough that I'll be there without fail. (*Exit.*)

GEORGE. That beats anything I ever heard of. We're having splendid luck.

HENRY. Maybe there'll be a chance for some serenading before long. At any rate we shall bring into two lonely hearts the spirit of the Christmas time.

MARY. And may they keep it in their hearts the whole year long.

WILLIAM. We must hurry on. There are other hearts that need cheering. I hope we shall continue to have as good luck as we have begun with. (*Exeunt singing.*)

CURTAIN.

## THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

### CHARACTERS.

DOROTHY.

ANNIE BALL.

MRS. BRINK, *her mother*. PHILLY, *the newsboy*.

MRS. BUMPUS. MR. JONES.

BIDDY O'FLYNN. THE RAGGEDY MAN.

LAME TIM.

SCENE: *A sitting room.* MRS. BRINK and DOROTHY *present, seated.*

DOROTHY. Today is my birthday party, mamma. You know you told me I could invite who I pleased.

MRS. BRINK. Yes, my child. I have not forgotten it. I have everything ready for your little guests. I gave you liberty to invite anyone you wished, but I hope you have made a good selection, and that they will not tear the house to pieces.

DOROTHY. I don't think they will. Some of them are old enough to know better, anyway, if they're ever going to be. They're not as little as you think, mamma.

MRS. B. I am glad to hear it; then I will not need to worry for fear my furniture will be smashed.

DOROTHY. Oh, no, it won't get smashed. Shall I tell you who they are? I haven't told you before because I was afraid you wouldn't let them come.

MRS. B. Yes, I should like to know who they are. I will not go back on my word now.

DOROTHY. One of 'em's Philly, the newsboy.

MRS. B. He's not very big, I am sure.

DOROTHY. No, but some of 'em are. I've asked Mr. Brown, the candyman, to come.

MRS. B. You think he may bring some candy. A clever scheme.

DOROTHY. I didn't ask him to. It would be nice of him if he should. Then there's Mr. Jones, the man that plays the violin down on the corner. He's going to bring his violin with him. Mayn't he come, mamma?

MRS. B. Why—yes—I suppose so. He's respectable, at least. Who else have you invited?

DOROTHY. "The Raggedy Man."

MRS. B. Mercy sakes! Worse and worse! Who is he, anyway?

DOROTHY. He's the man that works for Auntie. We call him the "Raggedy Man" because he's like the man we learned about in the poem, and he tells such nice stories, too.

MRS. B. Very well.

DOROTHY. And "Little Orphant Annie."

MRS. B. I am not acquainted with the young lady. Your acquaintanceship seems to be very broad, I think.

DOROTHY. Why, she's the little girl that's come to Mrs. Hunt's to stay and work for her board. She's an orphan, you know, just like "Little Orphant Annie," and her name's Annie, too.

MRS. B. Yes, who else?



DOROTHY. Mrs. Biddy O'Flynn.

MRS. B. What! Our washwoman?

DOROTHY. Yes, and Mrs. Bumpus, the apple woman.

MRS. B. Well, of all things! Is that all?

DOROTHY. There's one more—Lame Tim. He's the boy that goes by every day on a crutch.

MRS. B. You have made quite a varied selection. But where are your little playmates?

DOROTHY. Oh, they go to a good many parties, but these folks don't have a chance to go very much.

MRS. B. You're very kind, I'm sure. Do you think they will all come—Mr. Brown, the "Raggedy Man" and all.

DOROTHY. They all promised to come, rain or shine, 'cept Mr. Brown didn't know whether he could or not.

MRS. B. What will you do to amuse them?

DOROTHY. I've arranged all that. The "Raggedy Man" is going to tell us a story. Mr. Jones is going to play the violin for us, and I'm going to speak (*or sing*) for them, and then we're to have lunch.

MRS. B. Well, well, you seem to be a very ingenious hostess. (*Bell rings.*) I believe one of them has already arrived.

DOROTHY *goes to side of stage and ushers in ANNIE.*

DOROTHY. This is Annie, mamma. I don't know her last name.

ANNIE. Annie Ball, if you please, ma'am.

MRS. B. We are very glad to see you. Have a seat. So you are at Mrs. Hunt's.

ANNIE. Yes, ma'am, I work for my board.

*Bell rings. Enter LAME TIM and PHILLY.*

PHILLY (*handing package to DOROTHY*). Mr. Brown says he can't come to the party. He's ever so sorry and he's sent this box of candy and hopes as how you'll enjoy it.



DOROTHY. Isn't that delightful! I must go and thank him in the morning. (*Bell rings.*) Oh, here come some more.

*Enter* MRS. O'FLYNN, MRS. BUMPUS *and the* "RAGGEDY MAN."

BIDDY. Arrah, good afternoon, Mrs. Brink. I've turned into a grand leddy, that I have, an' come in be the front dure instead of the back. I've brought along an old friend of mine, Mrs. Bumpus.

MRS. B. So I see. I hope you will enjoy yourselves.

BIDDY. Indade we will, mom. Thanks be to the little girrul, bless her heart.

DOROTHY. Oh, mamma, here's the "Raggedy Man"! They're all here now but Mr. Jones. (*Bell rings.*) And here he comes now.

*Enter* MR. JONES, *carrying violin.*

MR. JONES (*looking around the room*). Am I the last one?

DOROTHY. Yes, but we haven't commenced the party yet.

MR. JONES. It's better late than never, as the old saying goes.

MRS. B. Do be seated, all of you. I must attend to matters in the other room. I shall leave it in Dorothy's hands to entertain you. If she doesn't do it properly you must look out for yourselves. Make yourselves at home.

BIDDY. Trust us for that, mom.

DOROTHY. First of all we'll have some candy, then we'll have some music. (*Opens box and passes it around. All take some but* MRS. BUMPUS.)

MRS. BUMPUS. Thank you, I never eat candy.

PHILLY. That ain't me. I take it every time it comes around. How is't with you, Tim?

TIM. I don't object very strenuously.

PHILLY. Catch on to that word, everybody?

ANNIE. I just love candy, I do.

RAGGEDY MAN. I haven't quite lost my sweet tooth yet.

MR. JONES. Me neither, as you see.

BIDDY. Och, ye be doin' things up in foin style, Miss Dorothy. (*DOROTHY takes a seat and MR. JONES gets his violin ready.*)

MR. JONES. I suppose it is my turn now. Here goes, then. (*Plays some popular air.*)

PHILLY. That's prime!

TIM. Capital!

DOROTHY. Next is a story.

PHILLY. Is it about Indians?

TIM. Or war? I love war stories.

RAGGEDY MAN. No, it isn't about either. I am going to tell you about two little girls—Sarah Ann Bopp and Mary Jane Bopp. They were twins, so you see neither one had the advantage over the other in point of age, a fact which the both of them regretted very much. Now you would naturally suppose that two twin girls would live and play together very peaceably and agreeably, but to tell the truth, it was very seldom that they ever did agree in anything. When Sarah Ann wanted something, Mary Jane would have none of it, and when Mary Jane wanted to do something, Sarah Ann was bound to do something else. If Sarah Ann wanted to swing, Mary Jane wanted to play with dolls, or if one wanted to teeter, the other wanted to jump the rope. So they made life very unpleasant, not only for themselves, but for their good mother as well. Well, it came around to their tenth birthday—both Sarah Ann's and Mary Jane's birthdays. They had to be on the same day because they were twins, you see. Sarah Ann was bound to have a birthday party and Mary Jane was just as bound and determined to go on an excursion. They both argued and coaxed with each other, but neither would give up or yield an inch. They were each dead set on the one thing that each had chosen to celebrate their birthday. Their mother was in a pickle, too,

because if she went on an excursion with one, there wouldn't be anyone left to see to the party, and vice versa.

ANNIE. What's that? You didn't say anything about a *vice versa*.

RAGGEDY MAN. Why, my dear child, if she staid to the party, she couldn't go on the excursion, could she?

ANNIE. N—no.

RAGGEDY MAN. That wasn't all, either. She had always dressed 'em just alike and she thought their likes and dislikes ought to be the same, and well, to sum matters up, she thought they both ought to be doing the same thing on this birthday.

DOROTHY. So do I.

BIDDY. Faith, that's what they had.

RAGGEDY MAN. They couldn't see it in that light; at least they didn't want to. Mary Jane went around telling her friends what a good time she was going to have on the excursion, and Sarah Ann told of the good times she expected to have at the party, and incidentally invited them all to that function. They talked and planned and argued so much about what they were going to do that it almost drove their poor mother distracted.

DOROTHY. Well, what did they do? I'm aching to find out.

ANNIE. Yes, tell us, do.

RAGGEDY MAN. Neither one of 'em would give in, not even at the last minute, they were that set in their ways; so the upshot of the whole matter was that their mother sent 'em both to bed in the middle of the afternoon and made 'em stay there till next morning.

PHILLY. Good enough for 'em.

BIDDY. Sarved 'em right.

MRS. BUMPUS. Just what I'd a done.

TIM. Is that all of it?

RAGGEDY MAN. Yes, 'cept that after that they were wiser and better girls.

DOROTHY. I'm glad there's only one of me when my birthday comes. Now it's my turn. I'll speak (*or sing*). (*She recites or sings some familiar selection.*)

*Enter* MRS. BRINK.

MRS. B. Tea is ready. Have you been having a good time?

MR. JONES. Delightful, Mrs. Brink, delightful.

BIDDY. Indade we've had an illigant toime. (*All rise and march out in the following order: MR. JONES and ANNIE, PHILLY and MRS. BUMPUS, the "RAGGEDY MAN and DOROTHY, TIM and BIDDY.*)

CURTAIN.

## MORNING CALLERS.

### CHARACTERS.

MRS. CRANE.  
GRANDMA HOWE.  
SALLY BROWN.  
POLLY SPINSTER.

MARY.  
SUSIE.  
JOHNNY.  
PEDDLER.

GRANDMA HOWE *should be dressed to represent an elderly lady*. POLLY SPINSTER *wears old-fashioned clothing*.

SCENE: *A kitchen*. MRS. CRANE *is ironing*. SUSIE *is churning and reading*, and MARY *is seated, doing nothing*.

SUSIE. Ma, ain't it most time for this butter to come?

MRS. C. Yes, you've been at it long enough to churn a ton of butter.

SUSIE. Oh, ma! A ton of butter! Just think of it. My arm aches dreadfully. I wish it would come if it's ever going to.



MRS. C. I guess if you'd 'tended to your churning as well as you have to that novel you're reading, you'd have been through long ago. Do, for pity's sake put up that book, and Mary, you go and peel some apples for a pie. It's most ten o'clock now, and what with ironing and baking and churning it's as much as ever we can do to get through before noon. And we're to have that missionary for dinner, too.

JOHNNY. I ain't never heard of a missionary. What is it, ma?

MRS. C. Why, it's a woman what goes and teaches the heathens how to be civilized.

JOHNNY. Is that what she's coming here for?

MRS. C. No, she's coming because I invited her.

JOHNNY. I thought maybe 'twas something good to eat like oysters or fried chicken.

SUSIE. Well, they do get et up by the cannibals sometimes, 'cause I read about it in a book what Anna Bangs lent me.

MARY. If that was her you was a-talking to after meeting last Sunday, I guess anyone would have to have pretty good teeth to eat her.

SUSIE. Or else they'd be terribly sick to their stomach when they got through. I ain't never seen anyone so homely in my life.

MRS. C. I don't suppose she can help being homely. We've all got our faults. Some folks are homely and some don't like to work very well. (*Exit MARY and returns immediately with her tin of apples.*) Now, I do hope there won't anybody come this morning. It would be just like Sally Brown or old Mrs. Potter to come over for a gossip.

JOHNNY. Oh, ma! Here's a man coming!

MRS. C. Dear me! A pack-peddler, too.

*Enter PEDDLER with large pack.*

PEDDLER. The top o' the morning to you, ma'm.

MRS. C. I haven't any time to be bothering with peddlers. You may as well travel on,



PEDDLER. Sure, ma'am, and it'll take but a minute of your time. I know you'll like to see these nice skirts as soon's I get 'em opened up. All the ladies do. (*Holds up skirt.*) Now, jest look there! Ain't that a beauty?

MARY. Oh, ma, ain't that lovely. Buy it for me, won't you?

PEDDLER. There, now, didn't I tell you everybody wants 'em as soon as they see 'em?

SUSIE. I want that pretty red one for mine.

MRS. C. I guess you'll be wanting for quite a spell. We ain't got any money for new dresses today. Didn't I tell you I didn't care to buy anything?

PEDDLER. Yes, come to think on't, I guess you did. I s'pose you know whether you want new dresses or not, leastwise you seem to have a mind of your own.

MRS. C. I guess you'll find out I've got a mind of my own if you stay 'round here much longer. Just let me get hold of the broom and I'll show you.

PEDDLER. Guess it's most time for me to be going. I've got an appointment farther down the road. Ta, ta, lady. (*Singing.*) "I'll be with you when the roses bloom again."

MRS. C. It does beat all creation, the impudence a body has to take from peddlers nowadays.

JOHNNY. Jiminee! Didn't he skeedaddle when you went to get the broom!

MARY. I did want that dress skirt awfully. (*A knock is heard at the door.*)

SUSIE. There! There's somebody else coming!

JOHNNY. I'll bet it's another peddler. (*Exit.*)

MRS. C. I'll be blessed if it ain't Sally Brown.

*Enter SALLY, who talks very fast.*

SALLY. Don't leave your work. I'll just walk right in. Can't stay but a minute anyway. My! You're as full of business here as a whole swarm of bees.

MRS. C. Yes, I was just telling the girls that I hoped there wouldn't anyone come this morning.

SALLY. Now, Mrs. Crane, you just go right along about your work, and don't mind me in the least. I ain't exactly a caller, anyway. I come so often, but I thought how I must come in a spell just to see how you was gittin' along. My! how your girls do grow. It's fortunate you've got such good girls to help you about the house. They work as if they enjoyed it, too. Now, my girls don't like to work at all—won't work if they can help it. All they want to do is to sit in the parlor an thump away on the piano. I do get so disgusted with that piano sometimes that I'd like to throw it into the street; then again it comes in real handy when we have company come to spend the evening. Oh, say! Did I tell you Mirandy's got a new beau?

MRS. C. No, I don't think you did.

SALLY. Well, she has. That makes the third one inside of six weeks. I do get so provoked at her sometimes, and then I think, what's the use of worryin' about it. Might just as well laugh as cry over spilt milk. But I was going to tell you how it happened. You see, t'other night Mirandy wanted to go to the social down to Squire Briggses, and 'Bige Clark, that's her last beau, he was plumb determined he'd go on a sleighride they was gittin' up. So the upshot of it was that they ain't been together any since, an' now Mirandy's goin' with that new photograph man that's come to town.

MRS. C. Well, I'm glad I don't have any such trouble with my girls.

SALLY. You're lucky, that's a fact, Mrs. Crane, I do declare. Then 'tain't much trouble after all. 'Tain't near as bad as old Polly Spinster's been a-doin'.

MRS. C. What's she done now?

SALLY. Why, it's the town talk. Ain't you heard tell. 'Twas in the last week's "Observer."

MRS. C. We don't take the "Observer."

SALLY. Well, she's advertised for a husband. Wants one with lots of money, tall, good-looking and about

her own age. Says she's about twenty-five, but everybody knows she's forty if she's a day.

MRS. C. The idea!

SALLY. That's what I say. An' you know she's as deaf as a hitching post. Lord only knows who'd want her, but then you can't never tell. I've heard it said there's a Jack for every Jill, and mebbe she'll find some one that's fool enough to marry her. Well, I must be a-goin'. Oh, I most forgct. I was goin' to borrow a drawin' of tea. I didn't want to run 'way down to the store before dinner an' I can't get along without tea, nohow.

MRS. C. Susie, you go and get some for her, won't you. (*Exit SUSIE, who returns immediately and hands cup to SALLY.*)

SALLY. I'm ever so much obliged. Do come over and see me, Mrs. Crane. Come over any time. (*Exit.*)

MARY. I'm glad that old fright's gone. Wonder who'll be next.

SALLY (*putting her head just inside the door*). I jest came back to tell you that Polly Spinster's comin' down the road now, an' I do believe she's headed for here. Thought mebbe you'd like to know it. Good-bye.

MRS. C. Well! well! Did I ever! Just get rid of one in time for another. (*Knock is heard.*) Mary, go to the door. I s'pose we must ask her in whether we want her or not.

*Enter POLLY.*

POLLY (*rushing up to MRS. CRANE and shakes hands*). Why, howdy, Mrs. Crane. I'm so glad to see you. I've been a-comin' in to see you for a long time an' never got to it, but this mornin' I sez, sez I, I will step in jest a minute on my way to the store. How be you and your family?

MRS. C. (*in very loud voice*). Oh, we're all well, 'cepting colds.

POLLY. Hey! Gittin' old? Pshaw, how you talk.

Why, you don't show your age any more'n I do, an' everybody says I don't look to be over sixteen. I feel jest as young as I did when we was girls in school together. Of course, you was a little older'n I was.

MRS. C. I think she's losin' her memory as well as her hearing. She used to be five years older than I.

MARY. Who'd take her for sweet sixteen, I wonder.

POLLY (*to MARY*). My sakes! You're most as big as your ma. How old be ye, Mary.

MARY (*very loud*). I'll be fourteen next month.

POLLY. Hey!

MARY. Fourteen next month. Fourteen.

POLLY. Fourteen? You don't say! Why, I thought I was most a woman at that age. How time does fly! Babies grow up into men and women 'fore you know it. I hear your mother's moved over to Punkin Center. Does she git to see you very often?

MRS. C. She comes over once a month or thereabouts. I expect her again next week.

POLLY. Hey! Had a fallin' out? Don't speak to ye? Now that's too bad an' you used to think so much of your ma. An' your brother Henry? What's he doin' now?

MRS. C. He's been a-keepin' store down to Pokeville, but he's just failed.

POLLY. Good land! In jail? You don't say! I always thought a sight of your brother. He used to be such a nice young man. Whatever did he do to be sent to jail?

MRS. C. The idea! My brother in jail! (*Very loud*.) I didn't say he was in jail. He kept a store and failed. He was selling clothes.

POLLY. Hey! Stealin' clothes? My land! I don't wonder you feel as if you was a-gittin' old.

MARY. How Uncle Henry will laugh when he hears of it!

MRS. C. If I was as deaf as that I'd get an ear trumpet, or else stay to home.

POLLY. Hey!



SUSIE (*yelling in her ear*). Ma says you can't hear very well.

POLLY. I'd like to know why I can't. I've heard everything that's been said. Well, I must be a-goin'. You seem to be awful busy. Are you goin' away?

MRS. C. No, we're going to have company for dinner.

POLLY. Stay to dinner? Oh, my, no! I can't to-day. I'd like to awfully well, if you take after your ma in cookin'. Do come and see me, though probably you don't feel like goin' amongst folks since you've had so much trouble in your family. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

MRS. C. Trouble, indeed! It's trouble enough having her around. It's a wonder she didn't stay to dinner.

SUSIE. I thought I should burst right out a laughing while she was here.

MRS. C. We seem to be having our share of callers today. Who'll be the next one?

MARY. Oh, I know! It's grandma, 'cause here she is coming now.

SUSIE. Oh, goody! Here's Grandma.

*Enter GRANDMA. Both girls run up to her and kiss her.*

GRANDMA. Law sakes, children! Are you so tickled you won't give me time to put my bundles down. Here's a nice big apple for each of you. (*Takes apples from basket and gives them to the children.*)

MRS. C. Take off your things, mother. Mary, you carry 'em into the other room for Grandma.

GRANDMA. I'm thankful I've got here at last. The roads are terrible. Comin' down by Deacon Smith's, this side of the big hill, the stage tipped clean over, and what do you think? I landed right on top of this ere bandbox. Wonder my best hat ain't all smashed to pieces. (*Opens it and looks.*) It's come out of it a good deal better'n I expected.

MRS. C. Why, mother! It's a wonder you wasn't killed.



GRANDMA. Well, we wasn't, and nobody hurt unless old Ephraim was hurt in his feelings. When I looked around, he was just pickin' himself up out of a mud puddle. He had sot down into it kerplunk.

MRS. C. Why, your dress is all mud, too. Susie, get the brush. (*SUSIE gets brush. MRS. C. brushes GRANDMA's dress.*) There, it's off now.

GRANDMA (*sits down*). It does seem good to get sot down in a chair once more. How've ye been since I was here? Marthy, you look tired out. Workin' too hard? Let me take hold and help ye.

MRS. C. 'Tain't all work. Old Polly Spinster's been here an' I'm clean tuckered out yelling at her.

GRANDMA. I saw her going into Mrs. Potter's as I came past. I s'pose she's as deaf as ever.

MRS. C. Oh, my, yes. She grows worse and worse. She hears a little and guesses at the rest. She asked about you and Henry, then she couldn't understand what I said, so she thinks we've had a "falling out" and that Henry is in jail for stealing clothes. Now she'll make it her business to tell it all over town.

GRANDMA. Mercy on us! The poor deluded creeter. Henry says he's going to answer that advertisement of her'n jest for a joke, but I tell him she's more to be pitied than plagued.

*Enter JOHNNY.*

GRANDMA. Why, here's my Johnny! Here's a nice big apple I've been a-savin' for you. (*Hands him an apple.*)

JOHNNY. My! Ain't that a whopper!

GRANDMA. Here's a whole basketful of 'em, Marthy. They're the nicest I've seen this year. An' there's a punkin pie on top. There ain't any better punkin pies made than mine if I do say it. I had a terrible time to save it from being smashed when I fell out of that 'ere stage.

JOHNNY. Oh, ma, can I have a piece?

MRS. C. Not till dinner's ready, child.

JOHNNY. Say, ma, ain't that heathen woman come yet?

GRANDMA. Heathen woman! What are you talking about, Johnny?

MRS. C. He means a missionary lady we're expecting here to dinner. We've been hustling to get things ready.

GRANDMA. Land sakes! If I'd known that I'd waited till next week.

MRS. C. I wouldn't have had you done that for anything. She's a real good woman. I know you'll like her.

SUSIE. You wouldn't want to miss seeing her, Grandma, for she's got the biggest nose on anyone you ever saw.

GRANDMA. Folks with big noses are usually good. Now that makes me think of our new minister over to the Center. He's the humblest man you ever sot eyes on. Why, when he gets up in the pulpit to preach everybody pities him, he's so humbly. But land! He's as good as he can be. I don't s'pose there's anyone 'round as good as he is.

MARY. My! That missionary must be awful good, then. (*Bell rings.*) There she is at the front door, now.

MRS. C. I must change my apron first.

GRANDMA. Well, you go and entertain her in the parlor while I go and see to gettin' dinner.

MRS. C. You were just in time, mother. Everything has turned out well, even if we have had more than our share of morning callers. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

## THE MAGIC WAND.

## CHARACTERS.

HENRY,	} <i>small boys.</i>	ROBINSON CRUSOE.
GEORGE,		GEORGE WASHINGTON.
FRED,		JOHN BROWN.
MAGICIAN.		HIAWATHA.
RIP VAN WINKLE.		TOPSY.

HENRY, GEORGE and FRED wear ordinary clothing. The MAGICIAN is dressed in ancient oriental costume, and the others are dressed appropriate to the part represented.

SCENE:           *ordinary room.* HENRY, GEORGE and FRED are present.

*Enter MAGICIAN.*

FRED. Ho! ho! ho! (*Points to the left.*) Look, boys! Here comes the Grand Duke of some place or other.

GEORGE. Or the great mogul from Bengal.

HENRY. Looks more like an escaped lunatic to me.

GEORGE. Wonder if he can talk English.

FRED. Don't know. Might try him and see.

MAGICIAN *enters very slowly, waving wand in the air and mumbling to himself.*

HENRY. He's the very picture of the wizard in the story of "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp."

MAGICIAN (*stops opposite the boys, who begin to edge off*). What sayest thou, lad, about Aladdin? I am the great magician of the East. I have come to show to the new world the strange mysteries of the once famous Bagdad.

GEORGE. My! That was a good while ago.

MAGICIAN. So it was, lad. But I have here the magic wand, and whoever holds it in his possession shall live forever. With it I am able to perform many mysterious deeds. With it I am able to call into thy presence those who have long passed from earth. Are there any such that thou wouldst care to see?

FRED. Oh, yes, sir! Call Robinson Crusoe.

MAGICIAN. Pray who was this Robinson Crusoe? He may still be living.

FRED. Don't you know? He was shipwrecked on an island and had to live there a good many years. That was a long time ago.

MAGICIAN. Then shalt thou behold a most marvelous scene. (*Waves wand about his head three times and repeats, "Genii, bringst thou to earth ROBINSON CRUSOE." Boys open their eyes very wide.*)

*Enter ROBINSON CRUSOE.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE. I am here at your service.

MAGICIAN. These lads wouldst talk with thee.

FRED. We have read all about your adventures on the island and wanted to see you.

R. C. I dare say you found the reading much pleasanter than I did the experience.

FRED. It was a splendid story. I wished sometimes I'd been there myself.

R. C. I wish you might have been, for company's sake, at least.

FRED. But what puzzles me is just what island it was. Some say one and some say another.

R. C. As to that, I can hardly say myself. There was no name to the island in those days, but as near as I can tell you it was in the Indies.

FRED. I thought it was on Juan Fernandez.

R. C. You are thinking of Alexander Selkirk. We had a similar experience, and I don't think either one would care to try it again.

MAGICIAN. Who next wilt thou have?

GEORGE. George Washington.

MAGICIAN. "The Father of his country." (*Goes through the same performance as before.*)

*Enter* WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON. Bless you, my boys, what do you wish?

GEORGE. We wish to tell you how much we and all America admire you. Every year we celebrate your birthday in school by speaking pieces about you and the Revolution.

WASHINGTON. For which I am very grateful although I am not able to hear them.

GEORGE. Sometimes we speak about the hatchet and cherry tree. I wish you would tell me if that story is true.

WASHINGTON. Yes, my boy, it was true, but whether or not it was a cherry tree, I cannot say. I was a very small boy.

GEORGE. And was it true that you never told a lie? Some of the boys say you did.

WASHINGTON. And why do they say that?

GEORGE. Because you were a politician.

WASHINGTON. Politics in my time were very much different from the politics of today, I imagine. However, I shall leave that question for the people to decide.

MAGICIAN. Who next?

HENRY. Rip Van Winkle! (*MAGICIAN repeats the preliminary performance.*)

*Enter* RIP VAN WINKLE.

RIP VAN WINKLE (*looking behind him*). Is Dame Winkle coming?

MAGICIAN. No, you are safe. Only one can come at a time.

RIP. Thank goodness for that!

HENRY. Why do you say that?

RIP. Because she tormented me so when I was on



earth the first time. I was almost afraid I'd meet her here again.

HENRY. You had an awful long sleep, didn't you?

RIP. Yes, it was lucky for me, for I escaped a good deal, I can tell you.

HENRY. Was it really twenty years?

RIP. So they told me. I hadn't any way of knowing except that my old friends of the inn had gone, my daughter had grown up and married, and the country had freed itself from Great Britain. There were a great many changes in those many years—some better and some worse.

MAGICIAN. Twenty years, did you say? That's nothing! I've slept five hundred years at a stretch.

GEORGE. My! You must be older than Methuselah.

MAGICIAN. Oh, yes, much older than Methuselah.

FRED. Now call John Brown. (MAGICIAN repeats his performance.)

*Enter JOHN BROWN. BOYS sing "John Brown's Body."*

JOHN BROWN. Howdy do, boys.

FRED. Are you John Brown?

JOHN. That was what they called me, John Brown of Ossawatomie.

GEORGE. That was prime, the way you fooled the rebels down at Harper's Ferry.

JOHN. Yes, it made us laugh up our sleeves a little at the time.

HENRY. But you didn't laugh so much at last, did you?

JOHN. 'Twas a grand cause, my boy, the freeing of the slaves, and I ain't at all sorry that I took a hand in it. It needed something to stir the people to action.

GEORGE. Now send us Hiawatha. This is jolly. (MAGICIAN repeats his performance.)

*Enter HIAWATHA with bow and arrows.*

FRED. He's brought his bow and arrows. I wonder if they're the ones Iago gave to him.

GEORGE. And the ones he shot his first deer with.

HENRY. Probably he had a lot of bows and arrows after that.

FRED. S'pose he can speak English, too.

HIAWATHA. Paleface want Hiawatha?

GEORGE. Oh, can you speak English? Wasn't it fun to live in a tent with your grandmother, Nokomis?

HIAWATHA. Heap fun. She tell me 'bout the rain bow in the sky, and the big sea water, and the dark forest where lived "Hiawatha's chickens and Hiawatha's brothers."

GEORGE. I wish we'd been there, too.

HIAWATHA. Ugh! Paleface been 'fraid, Hiawatha not afraid of wild beast. He know their language and make them love him. Hiawatha become great hunter and wrestler. He strong man. Does paleface want to wrestle with him? (*Advancing.*)

BOYS (*backing away*). No! no!

HENRY. Try the great magician first.

HIAWATHA. Ugh! ugh! Big stick!

MAGICIAN. I have only time for one more. Who wilt thou have?

FRED. Topsy.

BOYS. Oh, yes! Let's have Topsy. (MAGICIAN *repeats performance as before.*)

*Enter TOPSY.*

TOPSY. Wha' fo' you want Topsy?

HENRY. How old are you, Topsy?

TOPSY. Dunno, Massa. Nebber hab no way ob findin' out.

GEORGE. Don't you know when you were born?

TOPSY. Neber was borned.

HENRY. Never was born? (*Boys laugh.*)

TOPSY. No, sah. Nebber borned—jes growed up. Nebber had no daddy nor mammy nor nuthin'. Nebber had no good times. Hab to wo'k, wo'k all de time.

FRED. Can you sing, Topsy?

TOPSY. Yes, sah! Sing like ebryting. Want to hear me?

BOYS. Yes! yes!

GEORGE. Sing one of the old slave songs. (TOPSY sings some familiar darkey song.)

MAGICIAN. I must now be upon my way. I have far to travel, and these people must return ere I depart.

GEORGE. Oh, don't send them back. Let them stay with us.

WASHINGTON. No, my boy, we belonged to other ages, and are not accustomed to the ways of the twentieth century.

MAGICIAN (*waves wand and places it to his lips*). Genii, I command thee to conduct these people whence they came. Begone! (*All march from stage except MAGICIAN and the BOYS.*)

HENRY. What will you take for your magic wand, Mr. Magician? I'll give you fifty cents for it.

MAGICIAN. Thou couldst not buy it, lad, hadst thou all the gems of the world to offer. Now I must bid thee farewell. I may never see thee again. (*Walks slowly from the stage, waving wand.*)

FRED. I say, boys, that beats anything I ever saw. Just like "Arabian Nights."

GEORGE. Beats a circus all to pieces.

HENRY. I'd a given a good deal to get hold of that magic wand of his.

FRED. Let's follow him and see where he goes. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

## AUNTY HODGE'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

## CHARACTERS.

BOB.

FRANK.

JAMES.

JOHN.

BOB is discovered sawing wood with a bucksaw. He sings a stanza from some rollicking song as he works. The stanza completed, he stops and soliloquizes as follows:

BOB. Three great big turkey gobblers waiting to be killed, six big mince pies in a row on the top shelf in the pantry, three big jars brimful of cookies in the bottom cupboard, four cakes chock full of walnuts, besides all the cranberries and other good things waiting to be eaten! (*Smacks lips.*) Tell you what, won't I pitch into that dinner tomorrow! If I don't, then my name isn't Bob Grover. (*Pauses.*) Takes a lot of wood to bake so many things, too. My back's most bent double sawing so much. (*Stretches himself and then sets to work again, singing a second stanza of the song. Pauses again and soliloquizes.*) Let me see how many cousins there'll be here: Henry Martin from Shadville; Annie, George and Peter Grover from Martville; Uncle George's twins and big Tom from Poketown; Uncle Ezra's family from Hoke Center—there's five cousins there—and—and—oh, yes, there's Uncle William is coming with Claude and Albert. My! Won't we have fun! Whoopee! But here's this wood. (*Saws and sings.*)

*Enter* JOHN, JAMES and FRANK.

JOHN. Mornin' Bob. 'Pear to be pretty happy this morning.

FRANK. Sawing wood seems to agree with you better'n't it does with some folks.

BOB. Guess you'd be happy, too, if you had all the good things to eat that we've got. The pantry is just full of 'em. And just think! I'm going to have fourteen cousins come tomorrow. Say, wouldn't you be happy, too?

JAMES. Besides your uncles and aunts, too. Where'll you put 'em all? Have to move out to the barn, won't you?

JOHN.

"And his cousins whom he reckons by the dozens  
And his uncles and his aunts."

Say! Maybe we ain't going to have a good time over to our house, too. Brother Ed is coming home from Australia where he's been for most four years, and sister Nell is coming from California. I feel's if I could jump clean over a table, I'm so tickled.

FRANK. Don't think you boys have a monopoly of all the fun, because you haven't. I am going to spend the day at Grandma Potter's down to Pine Hollow. She's famous for her cooking, and seeing's how it's to be a family reunion, I guess I stand in for my share of the good times, too.

JAMES. Perhaps you think I'm going to mope around home all day and eat cold victuals for my pleasure, but there's where you're mistaken. After meeting's over, pa's going to hitch up and take us over to Spicerburg, where we used to live, and the fun that we boys don't have over there you don't need to mention.

BOB. It looks as if we were all going to have a good time. I don't believe we can brag over each other much.

FRANK. That's a fact. I wonder if there's anyone around here that isn't going to have a good time?

JOHN. I know of one.

BOB. Who is it?



JOHN. Aunty Hodge. She's been helping mother this week and she said that Thanksgiving didn't mean any more to her than any other day.

BOB. Somebody ought to invite her to dinner. She's always willing to help folks when they need it. I don't know how some folks would get along without her.

JOHN. Father said that I might take her over a big turkey tonight as a kind of surprise to her.

FRANK. That's good of him. Why can't we all club together and take her over a regular Thanksgiving dinner. I'll give her a half bushel of potatoes that I raised in my own garden.

JAMES. A half bushel! She couldn't eat a half bushel of potatoes for dinner.

FRANK. She can keep the rest to eat afterward. They'll come in handy most any time.

BOB. I'll get mother to let me take over a pie and maybe a cake.

JAMES. I don't know yet what I can give, but I'll give something, you may depend upon that.

BOB. It'll be something like a donation party, won't it?

FRANK. Only we won't go there to eat, and we won't turn everything topsy turvy, and get grease on the parlor carpet and make her spend a whole day or a week cleaning up after it as they do to a donation.

JAMES. I guess she'll be glad of that.

JOHN. Well, be on hand at six o'clock tonight and we'll load the things into a cart and all go over together.

BOB. I hope she'll have the best Thanksgiving she's ever had. She deserves it.

CURTAIN.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

## CHARACTERS.

GRANDPA.

BLANCHE.

ADA.

SADIE.

ALMA.

DORA.

*All are dressed in ordinary costume.*

SCENE: *An ordinary room. GRANDPA is seated in a large arm chair, with his eyes closed. ADA, ALMA and BLANCHE stand at the extreme right.*

ADA. Sh— girls, grandpa is asleep in his chair.

ALMA. What do you suppose he's dreaming about?

BLANCHE. Do you know whom he makes me think of?

ALMA. Haven't the least bit of an idea.

ADA. Is it anyone we know?

BLANCHE. Some one we are quite well acquainted with in a certain way.

ALMA. I'll give it up.

ADA. So will I. Who is it?

BLANCHE. Longfellow.

ADA. Why, grandpa isn't a very long fellow.

BLANCHE. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. You have heard of him.

ALMA. Oh, yes, we know him by his poems. They are splendid.

ADA. But grandpa doesn't write poetry.

ALMA. He likes to read them.

BLANCHE. Yes, and I think he resembles Mr. Longfellow as he sits in his large arm chair.

ADA. Did you ever see Mr. Longfellow?

BLANCHE. I have seen his picture a great many times.

ALMA. Do you remember that beautiful poem:

“Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day’s occupations  
That is known as the Children’s Hour.”

BLANCHE and ADA. Yes, yes, we know it by heart.

ALMA. I was just thinking—(*pauses.*)

ADA. Well, what were you thinking of?

ALMA. That we might play “The Children’s Hour.”

BLANCHE. How can we?

ALMA. Easy enough. We’ll go and get Dora and Sadie, then we’ll rush in all of a sudden and surround him, and when he wakes up we’ll make him tell us a story.

ADA. And we won’t let him go until he does.

BLANCHE. Let’s do it now, before he wakes up.  
(*All rush out on tiptoe.*)

GRANDPA (*opening his eyes*). Ha! ha! They think I’m asleep, but I’m not. It’s a habit I’ve got into of sitting with my eyes closed. Look like Longfellow, do I? Ha! ha! And they’re hatching up a scheme to surprise their old grandpa and make him tell a story, eh? I’ll get even with ’em yet, see if I don’t. They’re coming back now. I must go to asleep again.  
(*Closes his eyes and pretends to be asleep. Girls rush in.*)

ALL. Wake up, grandpa, wake up! (*No response. They surround him, pulling his hair and whiskers.*)  
Come, wake up!

GRANDPA (*opening his eyes*). Wh—why! What’s the matter?

ALMA. We’re all here, grandpa. Don’t you see us?

GRANDPA. Yes, I see you. How many are there of you?

ADA. Just as many as there are fingers on this hand. (*Raises his hand.*)

GRANDPA. So there are. What do you want?

ALMA. Can't you guess?

GRANDPA. I'm getting most too old for guessing. Maybe you'd like to ride to Boston town on my knee, same as you used to do.

SADIE. No, no; we're too old for that now.

GRANDPA. I declare! Time flies. Here you've got to be young ladies when I thought you were but little girls.

ALMA. We want you to tell a story.

ALL. Yes, we want a story.

GRANDPA. Aren't you getting too old for stories?

DORA. Not at all. We must have a story.

BLANCHE. It's "The Children's Hour," grandpa, "between the dark and the daylight," and you can't get out of it.

GRANDPA. But just think of all the stories I've told you, and you haven't told me one.

ADA. How can we? We don't know any really true stories.

GRANDPA. You can speak pieces, can't you?

ALL. Oh, yes, yes!

SADIE. Just hear me speak one.

GRANDPA. Not now. Wait until you hear what I have to say.

BLANCHE. What is it, grandpa?

GRANDPA. If each of you will recite one of Mr. Longfellow's poems, I will tell you a story about a little boy that I used to know.

ALMA. Was he a real good boy?

GRANDPA. Yes, a real out-and-out good boy. Now who will commence?

SADIE. Let me, grandpa. (*He nods.*) I'll speak "The Village Blacksmith." (*She recites the poem.*)

ALMA. My turn next. I will speak "The Builders." (*Recites the poem.*)

DORA. That's the one I was going to speak.

BLANCHE. Don't you know any other?

DORA. Yes, I can speak "The old Clock on the Stairs."

GRANDPA. It's a grand poem. Go ahead. You've done nobly so far. (*DORA recites poem.*)

ADA. Here's one I recited in school last year, if I haven't forgotten it. It's "The Emperor's Bird's-Nest." (*Recites poem.*)

GRANDPA. Now, Blanche, you are left till the last.

BLANCHE. "The Day is Done" is the only one I can think of now. (*Recites poem.*)

GRANDPA. You've all done extremely well. I must give you credit for doing better than I expected. To tell the truth, I thought I would escape this time.

ADA. Oh, you can't escape. We're bound to have a story.

ALMA. Go on, grandpa. "Once upon a time"—  
(*All gather around him as he begins the story.*)

GRANDPA. A great many, many years ago, when I was a lad about the age of Blanche, my parents moved to the city of Portland, Maine. It wasn't much of a city in those days—only a great town with long shady streets. It was in the fall of the year—October, I think—and right in the midst of the nutting season. I remember it well because the boys and girls got up a nutting party about that time. There were forty or fifty of us that started for the woods that bright afternoon, and a pleasant time we had, picking nuts, running and playing among the trees like so many lambs out at pasture. But when we started to go home one boy was missing. We called to him but no answer came.

SADIE. Wasn't you scared?

GRANDPA. Yes, we didn't know but he might have been killed by a bear.

DORA and ALMA. O—o—o—o! Were there bears?

GRANDPA. Yes, bears were quite common then. No one seemed to know just when or where they had seen him last, so we all divided into groups and started



out in different directions. The nuts were forgotten in our excitement. We searched and searched and at last we found him—where do you think?

BLANCHE. Did the bears get him?

ADA. Had he lain down and gone to sleep?

GRANDPA. No, we found him sitting by the side of a brook watching the water rush over the pebbles and deeply absorbed in his own thoughts.

ALMA. Then he wasn't lost after all?

DORA. Was he all alone, too?

GRANDPA. Yes, all alone. Well, after that we became fast friends and used to take many rambles in the woods and by the seashore, until his father, who was a lawyer, sent him to Bowdoin College. Then our lives separated. I shall always remember that little incident in Deering's Woods.

BLANCHE. Why, that was Mr. Longfellow.

SADIE. Did you really know Mr. Longfellow, grandpa?

GRANDPA. Yes, we were close friends although he was a few years older than I.

ALMA. How delightful!

BLANCHE. Perfectly lovely!

ADA. It's the best story you've told us yet.

DORA. Let's go and tell mamma. (*All rush out.*)

CURTAIN.

## THREE BIRTHDAYS.

## CHARACTERS.

ELBERT.

AVERY.

ALLEN.

ANNA.

FRED.

MINNIE.

SCENE: *An ordinary sitting room. All present.*

ELBERT. Guess whose birthday it is today.

ALLEN. George Washington's, of course. Everybody knows that.

ELBERT. Somebody else's, too.

FRED. James Russell Lowell's. Our teacher told us all about him yesterday.

ELBERT. Somebody else's. Guess again.

AVERY. Must be 'most a million if we count everybody that was born on the twenty-second of February.

ALLEN. 'Twould make an army bigger'n Napoleon's.

FRED. With George Washington for commander. Just think of it!

ELBERT. Who cares about Napoleon. It wasn't his birthday.

ANNA. It must be yours, Elbert, or you wouldn't be so excited over it.

ELBERT. That's just it. I'm eleven years old to-day.

FRED. George Washington, James Russell Lowell and Elbert Henry Monroe. This day indeed deserves to be a holiday.

ELBERT. Guess what I found on my plate this morning.

AVERY. Pancakes. I found some on my plate, too, but they soon vanished, I can tell you.

MINNIE. How provoking you boys are! What was it, Elbert?

ELBERT. The Life of Washington that father gave me and a book of Lowell's poems from mother. But that isn't the best of it. Father says that when I read Washington's life all through, he will buy me a new bicycle, and mother says she will buy me a brand new watch if I will learn two of Lowell's poems.

ALLEN. Whew! Wish somebody would say that to me.

EVERY. Won't somebody please whisper in my parents' ears that they have a son who likes bicycles and watches?

ANNA. Have you commenced to read it, yet?

FRED. Haven't read the hatchet story, have you?

ELBERT. I've only read a little in it, here and there, but what seemed to interest me most was something he did when he was a boy going to school.

EVERY. I'll warrant he knew as much mischief as the rest of us.

ELBERT. It wasn't mischief that I mean.

MINNIE. I have always heard that he was a good boy in school.

ANNA. Some boys whom I know would do well to take a pattern from him.

ALLEN. Do tell us what that something was that he did.

ELBERT. He was a natural leader among the boys and always loved military sports. He used to organize the boys into an army with himself for captain, and then they would have long parades. Sometimes there would be two armies and then they would have sham battles with cornstalks and other such weapons.

FRED. My! Wasn't that fun. Wish we could do the same.

EVERY. I don't see any reason why we can't.

ALLEN. I'll tell you what we can do. We'll challenge the Slocumville boys to a snowball battle. We'll build some snow forts and we'll call ourselves the

Americans, then we'll try the Revolutionary war over again.

ANNA. And we will be nurses—Red Cross nurses. If any of you get hit in the eye we can put a poultice on it.

AVERY. Humph! Catch me with a poultice on my eye! Guess not.

ELBERT. Let's play it is the battle of Bunker Hill. That was in the Revolutionary war.

ALLEN. But Washington wasn't commander in the battle of Bunker Hill. Guess you're a little rusty in your history, aren't you?

ELBERT. Then we can call it the siege of Yorktown.

FRED. Who'll we have for captain?

AVERY. Elbert, in honor of his birthday.

ALLEN. I'll be standard bearer.

FRED. I say, let's make it permanent—the standing army of the school.

MINNIE. You'll get tired of standing all the while.

FRED. That's as much as girls know about war. If you were a boy you would understand.

MINNIE. Guess girls are as smart as boys any time.

FRED. 'Tisn't that. They're smart enough in their way, but when it comes to armies and war and such things just ask the boys.

ANNA. What good would a standing army be, anyway? Our school doesn't need defending.

FRED. Why, we would learn to march like real soldiers.

AVERY. Who can we get to play the martial music.

ALLEN. Charlie Hurd and Eben Stone can play the drum and fife. They played a beautiful dirge for old Rover when we buried him out back of the barn.

ELBERT. We don't want a dirge to march by.

ALLEN. Oh, he can play a lot of other pieces—"Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner," "Marching Through Georgia," and I don't know how many more.

MINNIE. If you learn to march like real soldiers, what then?

FRED. Decoration Day and Fourth of July are coming.

ANNA. So's Christmas, for that matter.

FRED. They don't have parades on Christmas. Maybe when we grow older we will have a chance to defend our country the same as Washington did.

ANNA. We'll borrow Elbert's book of poems and read them. There's more fun in reading poems than in playing war.

ALLEN. That depends upon the way you look at it. For my part, I'd rather play soldiers, and I'll take Washington for my model always.

EVERY. Hurrah for Washington!

BOYS—

All honor to our Washington,  
Who led our sires to war and won  
The bloody strife for liberty.

ANNA. Lowell was a patriot, too, but his battles were fought with the pen instead of the sword. I'll take Lowell for my hero.

MINNIE. Hurrah for Lowell!

GIRLS—

All honor to our Lowell, too,  
His pen upheld the good and true,  
He strove to lift humanity.

ELBERT. Seems to me that both were good and great men, and I will choose both.

ALLEN. Now let's go and see about the snowball battle. (*Exeunt boys.*)

CURTAIN.



## A PRACTICAL USE FOR PEDDLERS.

## CHARACTERS.

SARAH JANE WHEELER, *very fleshy.*PETER WHEELER *her hen-pecked husband.*

SOAP PEDDLER.

MINISTER.

SCENE. *A kitchen or back porch.* MRS. WHEELER *is washing clothes in a tub.*

MRS. WHEELER (*looking toward left and speaking very loud*). Pete! Pete! Come, hurry up with that soap. Do you think I want to wait all day to get my washing out? (*To herself*) I never did see a man so mortally slow. I sent him after that soap a full hour ago and he's just coming with it now. Been standin' out there swappin' fish stories 'long o' Lish Griggs.

PETE *entering, and speaking in drawling tone.*

PETE. Comin', Sairy Jane, comin'.

MRS. W. So's Christmas, if ye wait long enough. Where on earth have ye been all this while?

PETE. Well, Sairy Jane, I'll own up to the truth on't. I clean forgot all about it at fust.

MRS. W. I thought likely.

PETE. An' then Bige Clark come along—an' what d'ye s'pose he's found down on his pasture lot, Sairy Jane?

MRS. W. Nothin' of any importance, I reckon. He's too lazy to find anything of much account.

PETE. They've been a drillin' down there for a week or more—some men from the city, an' they've struck gas, Sairy Jane, they've actually struck gas.

MRS. W. I guess they could a found all the gas

they wanted top of the ground without drillin' for it, if Bige Clark had anything to do with it.

PETE. Must be some truth in it, 'cause they're all talkin' about it down to the store.

MRS. W. Truth or no truth, this washing's got to be done. Just you take hold here and turn the wringer. We've got to get these clothes on the line before nine o'clock.

PETE. That's so, Sairy Jane, that's so. (*A pause. PETE turns the wringer.*)

MRS. W. Tell ye what, Pete Wheeler, if them peddlers get to comin' here this mornin' as fast as they did last week, I'll just set my foot down.

PETE. I pity the peddler if you set your foot on him.

MRS. W. Fust 'twas a sewin' machine agent, then 'twas a book agent, a spectacle man, a tin peddler, and a life insurance man. I sot around so much that I didn't get my washin' done till ten o'clock. (*Sounds outside.*) I declare, I believe there's one comin' now.

*Enter SOAP PEDDLER.*

PEDDLER. Good-morning, lady.

MRS. W. We don't want any spectacles this mornin', so you might just as well jog on.

PEDDLER. But, madam, I have no spectacles, I have—

MRS. W. Don't want any patent mop sticks or dish washers, or corn plasters, either.

PEDDLER. Madam, I have no corn plasters to offer you. I am selling the Great Electric Cleanser and Instantaneous Dirt Eradicator.

PETE. Land o' goodness! What kind of a machine is it, anyhow?

PEDDLER. It is not a machine. It is a new kind of soap. The best—

MRS. W. Just plain, common everyday soap? I'll bet it ain't half so good as this Pete got down to Smith's grocery store.

PEDDLER. The test of the pudding is in the eating, and the test of a soap is in the rubbing. This is the best and cheapest soap on the market, and I can prove it to you. (*Takes a long roll of paper from satchel and unwinds it.*) I have testimonials by the yard.

MRS. W. The test of a soap is in the rubbing—are them your words?

PEDDLER. Yes, madam.

MRS. W. Well, I've been a testin' this soap for a good while, now you've got a chance to test yourn. So off with your coat, young man. You can commence on this striped shirt of Pete's.

PEDDLER. But I—

MRS. W. I'll let ye have an apron to tie around ye, so's not to soil your clothes.

PEDDLER. Excuse me, but I—

MRS. W. No excuses, young man. Off with your coat. (*PEDDLER takes off coat.* MRS. W. *very quickly ties a big apron around him.*)

PEDDLER. But I tell you, madam, I—

MRS. W. We haven't any time to argue. There's the tub, and there's the shirt. Now set to work. (*He takes the shirt and proceeds to rub.*)

PETE (*holding his sides*). Ho! ho! ho! ho! Ye come across the wrong gal this time, didn't ye?

MRS. W. Nothin' like a practical demonstration, 'cordin' to my count. (*A pause, during which the peddler continues to rub.*)

PEDDLER. There, madam. I hope I have proved to you that the Great Electric Cleanser is all I have claimed for it.

MRS. W. You have done well, young man, I'll admit.

PETE. How much do you ask for that soap?

PEDDLER. Ten cents a bar, sir.

PETE. Guess we'd better buy a cake of it, hadn't we, Sairy Jane, to help him along?

MRS. W. Yes, if you're a mind to. (*PETE hands him the money and takes soap.*)

PEDDLER. Thank you, sir. It ought to have been twenty-five cents considering the work I've done. Am I likely to have any more such experience among your neighbors?

MRS. W. I calculate they've most all of 'em got through by this time. I'd a had mine done if it hadn't been for Pete.

PEDDLER. Good-day. I hope the next one will have better luck than I have had. (*Exit.*)

PETE. I vum, if there ain't another one comin' in the front gate.

MINISTER. Good morning. Is this Mrs. Wheeler?

MRS. W. That's my name—Sarah Jane Wheeler, and I don't care for any life insurance this mornin'.

MINISTER. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wheeler, but I—

MRS. W. Oh, I know by the looks of ye. There was one around last Monday mornin' and he pestered me a whole hour or more. Nothin' but what he would insure Pete's life, an' Pete's so mortally slow 'twouldn't have done any good.

PETE. Sairy Jane!

MRS. W. It's so. Now, Mr. Agent, if you're a-going to talk with me you may as well set to work and turn the wringer. And Pete, you can put up the clothes line. We've wasted too much time already.

MINISTER (*turning wringer*). Very well, my good lady, I'm willing to assist you in any way that I can. I have a good many calls to make, but I find I've taken a rather poor time to do it.

MRS. W. I should say you had.

MINISTER. I am very anxious to get acquainted with my parishioners. You see I'm the new minister.

MRS. W. What's that! The new minister? Land sakes! And here I've taken ye for a life insurance agent. I hope ye ain't offended.

MINISTER. Not at all! Not at all, Mrs. Wheeler. In fact, I took it all as a good joke on myself. I appreciated the fact that I had made a mistake in calling

on wash day, and also the annoyance that you may have been caused by agents.

PETE. The shoe was on the wrong foot that time, Sairy Jane.

MRS. W. Yes, it makes me feel terribly ashamed of myself.

MINISTER. You need have no uneasiness whatever. I feel that we are much better acquainted now than we would otherwise have been.

MRS. W. I hope your first impression will not be a lasting one.

MINISTER. Certainly not, Mrs. Wheeler, but really I have enjoyed it immensely. I will not hinder you any longer this morning, however, but will call some afternoon when you have more leisure.

MRS. W. Oh, don't be in a hurry, but if you must go, why come again soon and bring your wife. Come and stay to tea sometime.

PETE. Yes, do. We'll be ever so glad to see ye.

MINISTER. So I will, and I shall expect to see Mr. Wheeler and yourself at church next Sunday. Good morning. (*Exit.*)

MRS. W. Land sakes alive. (*Throws up hands.*) I'm so frustrated. What if the neighbors find out that I made the new minister help do my washing?

PETE. It's the richest joke I've seen in a dog's age. Ho! ho! ho! ho!

CURTAIN.



## SCENES OF THE SIXTIES.

*The stage should be decorated with flags and bunting. The costumes represent the styles and uniforms worn at the time of the Civil war. A portion of the scenes may be omitted or others added to suit the occasion.*

## I. THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

## CHARACTERS.

JOHN.                      WILLIAM.                      FRED.  
STEPHEN.                      GEORGE.

*A street scene. A large bulletin board at the rear announces the fact that 300,000 volunteers are wanted at once for the army, application to be made at the recruiting station.*

*Enter JOHN at right. He stops and reads the announcement. The other boys enter at left.*

JOHN. Look, boys! What do you think of that? Three hundred thousand volunteers wanted at once. It looks as if we are to have war in earnest.

FRED. They won't have to call again for one soldier, I'm sure of that.

WILLIAM. Why, will you enlist, Fred?

FRED. To be sure I will. Every good citizen should be willing to do so. It hadn't ought to take long to get them.

STEPHEN. That's what I say. I'll volunteer for one.

GEORGE. And here's another. I'll follow the crowd

every time when it leads in the right direction. How about you, John?

JOHN. You never knew me to hang back when my services were needed, did you?

BOYS. Never!

GEORGE. Then that makes four already. William, you're the only one left. Don't be a coward.

WILLIAM. I am not a coward, but I must talk with my father first.

FRED. Oh, that's it. Then we may count on William to join with us. His father was a general in the Mexican war and he surely will not go back on his country now.

STEPHEN. But suppose the officers will not accept us?

JOHN. I don't think there's any doubt of it. They'll be glad to get us. We're all over eighteen years of age and we're all well and strong.

GEORGE. That's a fact. You don't see many healthier boys than we.

STEPHEN. Or a jollier set, either, for that matter.

FRED. Do you know, I really think we will enjoy camp life.

WILLIAM. How long do you think it will last?

JOHN. I heard father say this morning that if we had war, it would all be over before breakfast.

STEPHEN. I'm afraid it will be a long time till breakfast then. There's a good many folks that are not going to change their opinion or give up their slaves without a pretty hard tussle.

FRED. That's so. We'll most likely get all the fighting we want.

JOHN. Let's go and see if we can't get some other boys to join with us and we'll meet here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. Come on.

GEORGE. Hurrah for Uncle Sam and his army!  
(*All sing, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," and march from the stage.*)

## II. DRAFTED.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. CLARK. JAMES, *her son.*  
RECRUITING OFFICER.

SCENE: *A temporary office. The OFFICER, in uniform, is seated at the table, writing. Preceding the dialogue, a boy or girl may recite the poem "Drafted," by Mrs. H. L. Bostwick.*

*Enter* MRS. CLARK, *followed by* JAMES.

OFFICER (*looking up*). Good morning, Mrs. Clark. You are on hand bright and early this morning.

MRS. CLARK. Yes, sir. I have come to see about my boy, Jimmie.

OFFICER. Oh—ah—yes. He passed his examination without a hitch. He's a fine, manly fellow, and I have no doubt will make a brave soldier.

Mrs. C. Oh, sir; you cannot mean it! Why, sir, he's scarcely more than a boy. It seems but yesterday that he sat on my knee.

OFFICER. He must have grown exceedingly fast. I should hardly like to hold him now. How old is he, Mrs. Clark?

MRS. C. He was eighteen a week ago this Tuesday, but he seems not more than half that.

OFFICER. The years go by very quickly, Mrs. Clark. The boys of today are the men of tomorrow. However, he is old enough for the army, and, as I said, I think he will make an excellent soldier. Let us hear what he has to say about it. Do you want to be a soldier, Jimmie?

JAMES. Yes, sir. I'd love to be a soldier, but my mother—she is alone.

OFFICER. That is right, my boy. I am glad that you love your mother. It is just such boys that our country needs, in war as well as in peace.

MRS. C. He is the last I have at home, sir. His father was one of the first to volunteer and he fell at

Bull Run. One brother lies buried at Wilson's Creek and another, even now, lies wounded in a southern hospital. I had hoped that this one might be spared to me, but if his country needs him, I suppose he, too, must go.

OFFICER. It is not in my power to release him. I can see how much you need him, but our country's needs are first. You have sacrificed much for your country and you should be justly proud of what they have done. I shall pray with you that Jimmie may be returned safely to your arms.

MRS. C. Yes, we will pray that he may come back again alive and well. It is the best that we can do. How soon must he march to the front?

OFFICER. Early in the coming week. The regiment is now nearly complete. That will allow but a few days for drill.

MRS. C. The time is short. Come, Jimmie, we must go. We will improve it while it lasts.

OFFICER. Good-day, madam. I trust that you may have cause to feel proud of your boy's career as a soldier. Eh, Jimmie?

JAMES. I shall do the best I can, sir. (*Exeunt MRS. C. and JAMES.*)

(*The song, "Grafted Into the Army" may be sung by chorus at side of stage.*)

CURTAIN.

### III. THE DEPARTURE.

*A street scene. A number of people stand at rear waiting to see the soldiers off.*

*Enter soldiers at left, keeping step to martial music. Each soldier carries a musket. The uniforms should appear unsoiled. When in the center of the stage, the captain gives the command to halt and break ranks. One soldier joins his sweetheart at the left, another goes to bid his aged parents a last farewell, and the*

others form into a semi-circle about the flag. The bystanders arrange in background. The soldiers sing "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," and the others join in the chorus. When the song is completed, the order is given to fall into line. It may be desirable to have a simple drill with the muskets at this time, and if so, the various commands, "Order arms!" "Carry arms!" and the like, may be learned by asking any veteran of the Civil war. At the order, "Forward march!" all follow the captain, who may lead them in a circle about the stage and pass off at the right. The march should be performed to martial music. Just before falling into line, the two groups at left and right go through the forms of leave-taking—the lingering hand-clasp, the final kiss, the mother with handkerchief to the eyes, or other forms that may suggest themselves to the conductor of the entertainment. As the soldiers pass from the stage, the bystanders may wave handkerchiefs in a parting salute.

CURTAIN.

#### IV. ON THE CAMPGROUND.

CHARACTERS.

JOHN.  
STEPHEN.

GEORGE.  
WILLIAM.

SCENE: *A campground at the edge of a woodland. Two or three evergreen trees set in blocks and placed about the stage; one or two small tents made of sheets; a bit of fence; a small log laid carelessly near the front; and a campfire, made by piling a few dry twigs loosely together and placing a lighted bicycle lamp behind it, makes a very well arranged campground. The soldiers are arranged about the stage in various attitudes of repose.*

JOHN. Do you remember, boys, how we wished to be soldiers, and what fun we thought it would be?

STEPHEN. Yes, and we've had a good taste of war



since then. We've had more than our share of fighting, I think.

GEORGE. We've had a great deal of fun, too.

JOHN. Oh, of course, there's no denying that, but after one has been marching and fighting day after day for a whole month at a stretch, it becomes wearisome.

STEPHEN. That's so. Somehow or other, I can't help thinking tonight about home and mother. I've been wondering if she's sitting in the same old rocking chair by the window with her knitting work. Seems if I can see her sitting there as she always did of an evening after her day's work was done.

WILLIAM. I can see another picture—not of home, though I love it dearly—but of one to whom I bade a fond farewell at parting.

GEORGE. Oh, we know. You don't need to tell her name.

JOHN. I guess we're all thinking of home tonight. I had a letter from home today. (*All sit up excitedly.*)

STEPHEN. Did you, really?

JOHN. Yes, and it's chock full of news from beginning to end. It's better than a newspaper. Maybe you'd like to read it?

GEORGE. No; you read it aloud, then if there's anything you want to leave out, you can do it.

BOYS. Yes, yes; go ahead!

JOHN. All right. 'Tisn't like William's letters, though. There's nothing in it that I wouldn't care to have you read. It's from mother. (*Takes letter from pocket, unfolds it and reads.*)

My dear Soldier Boy:

During the past few days my thoughts have been constantly of you. I can think of nothing else from morning until night since I received your letter telling of the long marches and the hard fights. I have thought of you every day since you left home, but more so now than ever. Affairs at home are running

along about the same as usual. Your father is laid up with the rheumatism, but manages to go to the post-office once a day and to read the war bulletins. Old Mrs. Snooks comes over every morning and we have a pleasant chat together. Ezra Slocum's old white Dobbin that you used to ride so much fell down the bank by the red mill yesterday and broke its leg and had to be shot.

STEPHEN. Poor old Dobbin! I could shed a tear for him.

JOHN (*reading*): Cousin Ned was here Sunday afternoon. He is very anxious to enlist if he can persuade his mother to give her permission.

GEORGE. Good for him! I wish he were here to-night.

JOHN (*reading*): Elder Wilkins had a donation party last Tuesday night. They took in ninety-one dollars aside from the eatables and other things that were brought in. Hiram Spinks and Aunt Matilda Mogg were married the other day and have gone to Bloomville on their wedding journey. You ought to have heard the horning the folks gave them.

BOYS. Ho! ho! ho! I imagine I can see them starting off on their journey. She weighs 'most three hundred pounds and he won't go over a hundred and ten.

WILLIAM. So she's got married at last. Hurrah for Aunt Matilda!

JOHN (*reading*): Silas Jenkins is building a barn. The Bascom twins had a birthday party the other day. There were about fifty young people there.

STEPHEN. Wish we'd been there.

JOHN (*reading*): The Widow Deane's son is back from California and has enlisted into the army. John Tubbs died last week. He has been poorly for a long time. Martha Hodges has fallen out with Abe Wheeler. No one seems to know what the trouble was about. Some think it's because he wouldn't take

her on the excursion last fall, and some think it's all on account of his wearing a wig. (*Boys laugh heartily.*) There is some talk about town-meeting, but the most we hear is war, war, war. I shall be glad when it is all over. Keep up courage, do the best you can, and don't forget your prayers. I too, am constantly praying that God will watch over you and preserve you from harm.

Ever your loving,

MOTHER.

STEPHEN. That's almost as good as being right there ourselves.

WILLIAM. Tell her to write oftener, John, and that we all like to hear her letters.

GEORGE. And that we send her a unanimous vote of thanks.

STEPHEN. Now let's have a song.

(*All sing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," or other song of the war. This scene makes a pleasing tableau with colored light.*)

CURTAIN.

## V. NEWS OF THE WAR.

*A street scene. A large bulletin board leans against the rear wall. The following items may be printed in large letters thereon:*

VICKSBURG SURRENDERED!

To Gen. Grant after a siege of six weeks.

GETTYSBURG IS OURS!

After three days of continuous fighting.

The heaviest losses of the war.

Union loss .....23,000 men.

Confederate loss .....30,000 men.

AMONG THE KILLED:

Henry Van Diker.

William Smithson, etc.

NOTE: The word "Lost" may be substituted for "Ours" if the case seems to require it.

People are passing on the stage from right and left as upon a street, and stop to read. Two gray-haired, spectacled men meet at the center, shake hands heartily, point to the board and nod their heads significantly. They are followed immediately by several others who enter into earnest conversation (pantomimic). The gestures and facial expressions may indicate joy or sorrow, victory or defeat, as the case may be. The broad smile or tightly compressed lips, the approving nod or determined shake of the head, the waving motion of the hand or the clenched fist, may tell a great deal without words. Boys clap hands or wave hats in air as they read it. One or two women may read and place handkerchiefs to the eyes to indicate grief. If desired, a song or recitation appropriate to the occasion may be rendered during the pantomime.

CURTAIN.

## VI. THE HOME RETURNING.

*A street scene. An arch of evergreens may be placed upon the stage, under which the soldiers march as they enter. Several people stand near the rear of the stage waiting for the soldiers.*

*Enter* JUDGE BROWN and SQUIRE CHASE.

SQUIRE C. Well, the war is over and the boys are marching home.

JUDGE B. Yes, those who are left to march. Many a lad who marched away with gay spirits and high hopes lies buried today on a southern battlefield.

SQUIRE C. And many a mother's heart is sad today because her boy will not march home with his comrades.

JUDGE B. Aye, sad indeed, are many homes, but



things will brighten. The tears will cease 'ere long and hearts become reconciled to that which cannot be helped. Because of this sacrifice of lives, we shall become stronger and more prosperous than ever—a reunited nation. (*Sound of martial music is heard outside.*)

SQUIRE C. Let us hope, so. Yonder they come—the boys in blue (or gray). (*All sing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."*)

(*During the singing several girls dressed in white enter with baskets of flowers and strew them upon the floor where the soldiers are to march, and beneath the arch. Near the close of the song, the soldiers enter to the sound of martial music. All the by-standers wave handkerchiefs or hats and shout "Welcome home! Welcome home!"*)

FIRST BYSTANDER. They're as brown as a berry.

SECOND B. It's good to see them home again.

THIRD B. How straight they walk!

MRS. CLARK. Oh, there's my Jimmie!

FOURTH B. (*says as JUDGE B. steps to the front*). Silence, the judge is going to speak.

JUDGE B. In behalf of my fellow townspeople, I have been chosen to welcome you home. I shall not tire you with a long and eloquent speech for which you care but little. You are anxious to meet your friends, and it is right that you should do so. We are all proud of our soldier boys. We have rejoiced at your victories and grieved at your defeats, and while we welcome you with song and shouts and jubilee, we can but think of the boys who have been left behind and there is sadness in our hearts as well. (*Several place handkerchiefs to the eyes.*) These flowers that are strewn for you today and these demonstrations that you behold, bespeak our love and esteem for you on account of the gallant deeds you have done and the hardships you have endured for our country's sake. That these are the sentiments of all who gather here today may best be expressed by three rousing



cheers. Ready—Hip! hip! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!  
(*All join in the cheering.*)

NOTE.—*All songs mentioned in this selection can be found in "War Songs—Mixed Voices," published by Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, Mass. Price 50c, which we will supply on the receipt of above named price.*

CURTAIN.

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## WRITING VALENTINES.

### CHARACTERS.

MAGGIE.

JULIA.

LUCY.

SCENE. *An ordinary room. All the girls present, seated.*

MAGGIE. Have you seen the valentines, girls.

LUCY. Where?

MAGGIE. Down to Smith & Jones' store. They've got some new ones and they're perfectly lovely. There's one that has a picture of a lame man with his back all humped over. I've picked that one out for Lame Tim 'cause he's a hunchback, you know. Then there's another about an old woman with a long nose and a scolding tongue. I know she was scolding because the children were all peeking in at the door and the cat was scared. It made me think of Aunt Phrony the first thing. I think I'll send that one to her.

JULIA. Wouldn't she be angry?

MAGGIE. Of course, she wouldn't know who sent it. It might be a lesson to her.

LUCY. Do you remember what mother told us this morning?

MAGGIE. What's St. Valentine's Day for, anyway, if we can't send valentines?

LUCY. She didn't mean that we were not to send any. She doesn't care if we send nice ones.

MAGGIE. How can anyone send her a nice one when she is always so cross to us and twitting us of this or that?

LUCY. It would let her know that some one cared enough about her to send her one, and it might soften her temper a little.

MAGGIE. I should hope so.

JULIA. It would be doing good for evil, at any rate. Perhaps she would be a little ashamed of her ways.

MAGGIE. If it will do that, I'll send a lovely one. Why, say! It will be heaping coals of fire on her head, won't it?

LUCY. Then there's Lame Tim. He receives nothing but kicks and cuffs from his drunken father. Why not send him a nice one, too. It would be one bright spot in his memory.

JULIA. If you sign your name to it, he'll remember you as long as he lives.

MAGGIE. I have a mind to do it, only—

JULIA. Only what? Don't back out now.

MAGGIE. Only the money won't hold out. I have only (*counting*) one, two, five, ten, twelve cents, and so much to buy.

LUCY. Why not make them yourself? It's a great deal cheaper.

MAGGIE. Good reason. I don't know how.

JULIA. We can show you. Have you any colored paper?

MAGGIE. Yes, I have some pink and blue.

JULIA. Have you scissors?

MAGGIE. In mamma's work basket.

JULIA. Pen and ink?

MAGGIE. Yes, what else?

JULIA. Some pieces of pretty ribbon—some of the narrow kind to tie them together?

MAGGIE. I'll see what's in the basket. (*Goes and gets basket.*) See! Will this do?

JULIA. Yes; now let's cut out some hearts—two for each valentine. (*The hearts may be marked out beforehand.*)

MAGGIE. Two times two are four. That'll make four hearts. How will these do?

JULIA. Now we'll write on one of them:

"To Aunt Phrony,  
From Maggie."

MAGGIE. Good thing to send her. She needs a heart.

JULIA. Now write on the other:

"To Timothy Tucker,  
From Maggie Moore."

LUCY. My! Tim's eyes will be as big as saucers.

MAGGIE. What's next?

JULIA. Now you must write a verse for each one.

MAGGIE. Poetry? My sakes! I don't know how to write poetry.

LUCY. Set your wits to work and you can grind out something.

JULIA. Let it be something sweet and dainty.

MAGGIE. How's this:

"Dear Aunt Sophronia Waddleworth,  
Accept this gift of mine;  
Because you are so very cross,  
I send this valentine."

LUCY. Oh, that wouldn't do at all.

JULIA. Wouldn't her eyes snap if she should read it.

LUCY. Have you written Aunt Phrony's on blue paper?

MAGGIE. Yes. (*Holds up heart.*)

LUCY. Then listen:

"With kind regards I send to you  
This little valentine of blue."

MAGGIE. That's splendid. Too much so, in fact.

LUCY. Is there enough of it?

MAGGIE. Yes, indeed. How could you ever do it?

LUCY. I haven't been studying grammar and writing compositions all these years for nothing.

MAGGIE. But I never could write poetry if I should study grammar till doomsday.

LUCY. Now what shall we write for Tim?

JULIA. I've been thinking of a verse. How is this:

“Accept this valentine from me,  
To show my kind regards for thee;  
May all your days be filled with joy,  
With naught of sadness to annoy.”

LUCY. Beautiful! It's just right.

MAGGIE. Splendid! How could you ever do it?

LUCY. When you finish writing the verse, we'll tie them together and they will be done. (*All should be busy cutting, writing and tying while the dialogue progresses.*)

MAGGIE. There! They're finished. Aren't they pretty. Let's go and mail them at once. (*Exeunt.*)

CURTAIN.

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## A SUDDEN DISCOVERY.

CHARACTERS.

MR. SMITHERS.

MRS. SMITHERS.

SAMBO, colored.

SCENE: *A back porch. SAMBO is discovered sitting on a box with his head in his hands.*

*Enter MR. SMITHERS.*

MR. SMITHERS. What's the matter, Sam? Aren't you going to work today? It's getting to be 'most

nine o'clock. I thought you'd gone to the barn long ago.

SAM (*looking very woe-begone*). No, Marse Smithers, I ain't gwine to w'ok dis mawnin'. Cyan't Gawge take care ob' de hosses today?

MR. S. Why, I s'pose he can if there's anything serious the matter. Are you sick?

SAM. Oh, yes, Marse Smithers. I'se powerful sick. I'se de sickes' man yo' eber see in yo' life.

MR. S. You must have been taken all of a sudden. You seemed all right at breakfast.

SAM. Yes, sah, I seem all right, but I don' been sick den an' nebber know it. Now I'se don' foun' out I'se awful sick.

MR. S. Where do you feel the sickest?

SAM. I dunno jes' whar. I guess all ober—ebry-whar. I dunno w'at dar is w'at don' ail me. I'se got de convulsions ob de stomach, de rheumatism ob de heart, de nooralgia ob de brain, an' de libber complaint in de bowels. Yes, sah, I'se don' been sick a good while an' nebber know w'at ail me till dis bery mawnin'.

MR. S. Ha! ha! ha! That's enough to kill a rhinoceros. If you've got all those complaints you'd better go to bed and we'll send for a doctor.

SAM. I s'pec' dat's so, but I don' feels bettah settin' up. It's bettah fo' de heart trouble dat way.

MR. S. So I've been told by people who have it. I s'pose your heart bothers you considerable at night, doesn't it?

SAM. De fac' is, Marse, I nebber know it till dis mawnin'. Yes, sah, I sleep jes' like a brick.

MR. S. That's a predicament and no mistake. It's bad enough to be sick and know it, but to be sick and not know it—that's a serious affair. You might have been taking medicine all this time if you'd known it.

SAM. Yes, sah. Oh, I'se 'fraid I don' been a goner.

MR. S. Well, this is a puzzler. I'll call Martha.



If you're sick, she'll know what to do for you. (*Steps to side of stage and calls*) Martha! Martha!

*Enter* MRS. SMITHERS.

MRS. SMITHERS. What's the matter?

MR. S. I'm afraid we've got a very sick boy on our hands. He's got the heart disease, a brain trouble, the convulsions of the stomach, and what else, Sam?

SAM. De libber complaint in de bowels.

MR. S. What do you think of that, Martha? Got anything that will cure all those diseases at once?

MRS. S. Mebbe he's caught cold. I'll fix him up a dose of boneset tea. It won't do him any harm anyway.

MR. S. But you see, he's only come into possession of all these diseases since breakfast.

SAM. Yes, jes' foun' out 'bout forty minutes ago.

MRS. S. Well, it's my opinion that a good dose of bucksaw and a cord of hickory wood is about as good medicine as there is.

MR. S. How did you happen to make this discovery, Sam? That's what puzzles me.

SAM. Why, yo' see, I jes' wanted to know w'at day ob de month it was, so I don' look in de little book w'at hangs up by de kitchen do', an' while I'se lookin' fo' dat I don' read 'bout all dem sicknesses, an' I jes' knows I'se got 'em all.

MR. S. Ha! ha! ha! You've been reading the almanac, have you? They've fooled you pretty well.

SAM. No, sah, I ain't fooled at all. Jes' listen. Here am w'at 'it says:

"Does yo' hab tired feelin's?" an' I suah does.

"Does yo' hab loss of ambition?"

"Does yo' hab a feelin' ob fulness after eatin'?"

"Does yo' hab a desire to eat 'tween meals?"

"Does yo' feel short ob breath when yo'se climbin' a hill?"

"Does yo' hab a feelin' ob goneness in de region ob de stomach jes' 'fore dinner?"

"Does yo' feel dat you'd ruther set down an' do nuffin' dan knuckle down to hard wo'k?"

Yes, sah, I'se got all does symptoms, I has, so I knows dat I'se got all does sicknesses.

MRS. S. Well, if that's all that ails you, I'm not going to bother to steep any boneset for you. You'll feel all right after you've sawed a little of that wood out in the back yard. (*Exit.*)

MR. S. I guess you'll pull through all right, Sam. I quite often have those symptoms.

SAM. Jes' like it tells in de book?

MR. S. Exactly.

SAM. An' don't it make yo' sick?

MR. S. Sick! No, not unless I eat too much. You're all right. Go out to the barn and hitch up the old gray. I've got to drive over to Brown's Corners this morning, and you can go with me.

SAM. All right, Marse Smithers. Guess I ain't sick after all. (*Exit, whistling.*)

CURTAIN.

## A HOT DAY.

### CHARACTERS.

MR. BROWN.

MR. BURKE.

JOHNNY.

MR. SMITH.

MRS. BROWN.

*All wear ordinary work clothes that might be worn on a very warm day.*

SCENE: A side porch.

*Enter MR. BROWN, mopping his forehead.*

MR. BROWN. Sufferin' Moses! Ain't it hot! Wouldn't wonder if the thermometer was up to 100

degrees in the shade. (*Looks at thermometer on the wall. A low screen may be supposed to conceal a gasoline stove just beneath it.*) Great Cæsar! It's 105 degrees! I just think I'll take it easy this afternoon. Got an acre of hay waiting to be drawn in, but there ain't no use talking, I can't work on sech a hot day as this. (*Sits down and picks up fan. Fans vigorously.*) I'll bet I've sweat two pailfuls since breakfast, and I'm wet clear through now (*slaps himself*). No, sir; ain't going to do any more today than I'm obliged to.

*Enter MR. BURKE.*

MR. BURKE. What's the matter, Brown? Ain't you working today? I thought you had some hay to get in. "Make hay while the sun shines" is my motto. I've got two acres to get in myself and I'm hustling home to do it.

BROWN. Man alive! Do you expect to go into the hayfield today? It's too hot. You'll have sun-stroke. Why, it's 105 degrees in the shade. (*Goes to thermometer.*) Yes, it's gone up to 108 degrees now.

BURKE. Yes, I know it's rather warm, but I can't wait to get my haying done on that account. It may rain before night. Good day. (*Exit.*)

BROWN. Well, if he wants to work, he can do it, but I'm going to sit right down here and try and keep cool.

*Enter MR. SMITH.*

MR. SMITH. Hello, Brown. Finished your haying?

BROWN. No, nor I ain't going to so long as it keeps as hot as it is now. Anybody's a fool to go out into the field such a day as this.

SMITH. Pshaw! This is just the kind of a day for haying. Of course, it's rather warm, but I've seen a good many warmer ones.

BROWN. Warmer days than this! Well, I'm an older man than you, but I never saw one that could

beat this. Guess you don't know how hot it is, do you? It's 108 degrees now. (*Looks at thermometer.*) Whew! It's gone up to 112 degrees. It's growing hotter every minute.

SMITH. Maybe there's something the matter with your thermometer, Brown.

BROWN. Thermometer's all right. It's never failed yet; besides, I can feel it. Don't need to look at a thermometer to know that it's hot.

SMITH. Well, I must hurry on. This will never get my work done. Good-day, Brown. (*Exit.*)

BROWN. Another fool, I vum. Thinks I don't know when it's hot.

*Enter* JOHNNY.

JOHNNY. Why, pa, I thought you was going to draw in hay today. Can't I drive the horses?

BROWN. No; I'm going to sit right here and take it easy today. It's too hot for man or beast to stir out of the shade.

JOHNNY. Why, pa, I think it's just nice. Everybody else is at work.

BROWN. Well, let 'em work if they want to. That don't hinder us from looking after our health.

*Enter* MRS. BROWN.

MRS. BROWN. Ain't you going to work today, Silas? Are you sick?

BROWN. Sick! No! Don't you realize that it's the hottest day we've ever had?

MRS. B. I've seen lots hotter days than this. I have to work anyway, hot or cold.

BROWN. You don't seem to have any more sense than the rest of 'em. I ain't going to do a stroke of work while the mercury's up to 112 degrees in the shade. (*Looks at thermometer.*)

MRS. B. It ain't no 112 degrees in the shade today, and I know it. You can't see straight. 'Tain't more'n 90 degrees anyway.

BROWN. I vum, Mariar, if it ain't gone up to 120 degrees. What in the world's going to become of us.

MRS. B. Let me see. (*Goes to look, and begins to laugh.*) It ain't 120 degrees any more'n anything (*laughs*). Why, Silas (*laughs*), can't you see that that thermometer is hanging right over my gasoline stove? (*Laughs.*)

BROWN. Well, I'll be jiggered if I didn't think it was the hottest day that ever I'd seen.

MRS. B. Maybe if you didn't think so much about it you wouldn't feel the heat so bad.

BROWN. Like enough you're right. Come, Johnny, I guess we'd better get that hay in after all.

CURTAIN.

## BACHELOR HALL MEDLEY.

### CHARACTERS.

#### *Bachelors.*

MR. YOUNGLOVE.

MR. GAYBOY.

MR. LOFTY, *very tall.*

MR. PRETTYMAN.

MR. SINGLE.

#### *Maids.*

MISS PRIMROSE, *very small.*

MISS FLIGHTY.

MISS O'FLAHERTY.

MISS WINSOM, *very fleshy.*

MISS SPINSTER.

SCENE: *A room to represent bachelor's quarters. Hats and caps are hung about the room. MR. YOUNGLOVE is washing clothes, and as he wrings them out, hangs them on a line in one corner. MR. GAYBOY is churning and reading newspaper at same time. MR. LOFTY is washing and wiping dishes. MR. PRETTYMAN is sewing a button on trousers during first dialogue and a patch upon them during the second part of the dialogue. MR. SINGLE is sawing wood and occasionally stops to split some of it. All work earn-*



*estly while a medley is played on the piano. As soon as the music ceases the dialogue begins.*

MR. YOUNGLOVE. I've come to the conclusion that this sort of work was never intended for man.

MR. LOFTY. That's about the size of it. You spoke the truth for once.

MR. PRETTYMAN. Them's my sentiments, too.

MR. SINGLE. Well, what are you going to do about it?

YOUNGLOVE. Might hire a woman to come in once a week to wash up the clothes.

LOFTY. And wash the dishes.

MR. GAYBOY. And do the churning.

PRETTYMAN. And the mending.

SINGLE. And start the kitchen fire.

YOUNGLOVE. No; I see that that would never do. We'll just grin and bear it as we have for the last twenty years. (*All work again as medley is played, and dialogue follows.*)

GAYBOY. Oh, say! Did you read the news?

LOFTY. No; what is it?

GAYBOY. Just listen. (*Reads*) "The legislature has just passed the bill which provides for a tax of \$50 on every bachelor in the state. The proceeds will go toward the support of elderly maiden ladies." What do you think of that?

YOUNGLOVE. What's that? A tax on bachelors?

GAYBOY. That's what it says.

LOFTY. It's the most outrageous thing I ever heard of.

PRETTYMAN. It's barbarous, that's what it is.

SINGLE. We can't stand such doings, and what's more, we won't stand it.

GAYBOY. That's just what I thought about it. I knew this bill was before the legislature several days ago and so I have arranged matters. You see, I've advertised in the paper for five wives.

ALL. You've advertised for wives!

GAYBOY. Yes; they're to come today at one o'clock. (*Looks at watch.*) It's time now (*noise outside*), and hark! I hear them coming.

YOUNGLOVE (*holding up hands*). Oh, me! Oh, my! Has it come to this?

GAYBOY (*goes to door and ushers in five "old maids"*). Good afternoon, ladies. You are on time, I see.

MISS SPINSTER. We have come in answer to your advertisement for—for—

MISS PRIMROSE. Soul mates.

MISS FLIGHTY. Life companions.

MISS WINSOM. Affinities, girls, its affinities they wish.

GAYBOY. We advertised for wives.

MISS SPINSTER. Well, we're here, so you can take your pick.

MISS O'FLAHERTY—

"Bachelor's Hall! What a quare looking place it is!

Save me from sich all the days uv me life!

Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,

Niver at all to ge gittin' a wife!"

YOUNGLOVE. Did you say we were to take our pick?

MISS FLIGHTY. Yes, that's what we've decided on, haven't we, girls?

ALL. Yes! Yes!

YOUNGLOVE (*aside*). Shouldn't wonder if they'd be glad to take most anybody.

PRETTYMAN. Well, I'll choose the one in the poke bonnet. I don't have the pleasure of knowing her name.

MISS FLIGHTY. Oh, my name is Miss Arabella Flighty. (*PRETTYMAN takes place at her side.*)

GAYBOY. The buxom Irish girl for mine. (*Aside*) I'll bet she's sixty if she's a day. (*Steps to her side.*)

MISS O'FLAHERTY. Och, and won't we celebrate St. Patrick's Day in the morning!

LOFTY. I'll take the little one on the left, Miss—what's your name?

MISS PRIMROSE. Miss Primrose, if you please, sir.

LOFTY. And mine is Lofty, Simon Lofty, if you please, Miss. (*Steps to her side.*)

PRETTYMAN. Ah, there you have the long and short of it.

YOUNGLOVE. I always believe in substantial things, so I'll take Miss Heavyweight. (*Aside*) She can support us both, I'm thinking.

MISS WINSOM (*holding out both arms*). Oh, my affinity, come to me! Come to me! (*YOUNGLOVE steps to her side and MISS WINSOM, who carries a palm-leaf fan, continues to fan both.*)

SINGLE. I'll take what's left. Will you be mine, Hanner?

MISS SPINSTER. How'd you know my name was Hannah?

SINGLE. Oh, jest happened to guess it. Thought you looked as if it might be.

MISS SPINSTER. Yes, Josiar, I guess I'll have ye, seein's how you're the only one left.

SINGLE. Wal, Josiar don't happen to be my front name jest now. They generally call me Solomon Single.

GAYBOY. When shall the happy event take place?

WOMEN. Oh, now! Right away! At once!

MEN. All right. We're off to the preacher's. Good-bye, good-bye to Bachelor's Hall. (*A march is played on piano, and all march out by couples. Bachelors may tip the hats as they leave the stage. All appear very happy.*)

CURTAIN.

## MISS JONES' MILLINERY OPENING.

## CHARACTERS.

MISS JONES, *the milliner.*

FARMER QUACKENBUSH.

MRS. QUACKENBUSH, *his wife.*

MRS. STUBBS.

MRS. GOODSTYLE.

MR. SILLIMAN. } *About to wed.*

MISS TITTLE. }

SCENE: *A milliner's shop. Hats of various styles are displayed on tables about the room. They may be the hats ordinarily worn by those taking part; some of them may be old hats and bonnets found in garrets. Wooden frames for holding the hats may be made by fitting round sticks upright into blocks of wood.*

MISS JONES *is discovered sewing.*

MISS JONES. I've got the best stock of millinery that was ever displayed in Spicerville, even if I do say it. I've been to a great deal of expense, too, in getting ready for this opening. I spent two whole days in the city selecting the stock. Of course, some of the styles are not strictly up-to-date, but I got them considerable cheaper by taking a few of last year's styles. A good many people, however, won't know the difference, and I can sell them for about the same as new ones. There's pretty good money in millinery when you know how to work it. Ah! Here comes Mrs. Goodstyle. She's awfully hard to please, but I'll make a good haul from her.

*Enter* MRS. GOODSTYLE.

MISS J. Good morning, Mrs. Goodstyle.

MRS. GOODSTYLE. Good morning, Miss Jones

You've got back from the city, I see. My! What a fine display you have.

MISS J. Yes, I hope to be able to please everybody this season.

MRS. G. I wish to get a new hat—something that will look stylish and yet not too expensive. Mr. Goodstyle says we must curtail our expenses this year. There have been so many losses in his business.

MISS J. I think I can find something to suit you. Here is one that I think will be very becoming to you. (*Shows hat. MRS. G. tries it on, arranges hair and looks in mirror.*)

MRS. G. No, I hardly think that suits me. I wish something a little brighter colored than that—something that will match well with my new blue suit.

MISS J. Would you like an aigrette or a nice plume?

MRS. G. Either one. I am not so hard to please as some people. I think I should like one with a small plume.

MISS J. Here is one I think will suit you to a T. (*Shows another hat.*)

MRS. G. I like that one much better than the other, but really I don't think it matches my complexion very well.

MISS J. (*picks up another hat*). How's this. There is a little more color to this one.

MRS. G. Oh, my, no! That's a regular flower garden.

MISS J. Well, then, perhaps this will please you. (*Hands another hat to MRS. G. who tries it on.*)

MRS. G. That is much better, but—but there seems to be something lacking about it. I can't tell just what it is.

MISS J. Perhaps a small bunch of roses here, and a bow of light blue ribbon here (*points*) would set it off better.

MRS. G. Yes, I think that would do. What is the price of this one?

MISS J. That one is twelve dollars just as it is, but



with the roses and ribbons it will cost eighteen dollars.

MRS. G. That's more'n I expected to pay, but I think I'll take it. When can you have it ready?

MISS J. I will try to have it done by tomorrow afternoon.

MRS. G. Very well. Good-day. (*Exit.*)

MISS J. That isn't bad for a beginning. Wonder who this couple is coming.

*Enter FARMER QUACKENBUSH and wife.*

MR. Q. Good mornin', Miss Milliner. My wife here wants to git a new bunnit. Got anything in the establishment that'll fit her?

MISS J. I think so. She is one of the first to make a selection from my stock.

MR. Q. Wal, it's wuth a good deal to have fust pickin', ain't it, Mariar?

MRS. Q. You see, I ain't had a new bunnit before in fifteen years, an' Josh said I'd better git one this year.

MR. Q. That's right. A new bunnit this year or bust.

MISS J. Here's a good one, if the price is not too high for you.

MR. Q. Make it a good one. Don't go to scrimpin' on the price. A bunnit once in fifteen years won't break anyone, I guess. Besides, we've jest sold a lot of porkers, so we've got the cash.

MISS J. This one is ten dollars.

MR. Q. That the best one you've got? I guess we can go a leetle better'n that.

MISS J. Here's another one for fifteen dollars. That looks first-rate on you.

MR. Q. Guess you'd better take that one, hadn't you, Mariar? Makes you look twenty years younger'n you be. Does it suit you?

MRS. Q. Yes; I like it real well, but—but do you think we can afford it?

MR. Q. If we couldn't afford it we wouldn't have come here. I guess we'll take this one, Miss. Does

it need any more trimmin's? If it does, put 'em on. We want the thing done up right.

MISS J. No; the bonnet is already trimmed. (MISS J. *puts bonnet in box or bag and hands it to MRS. Q.*)

MR. Q. Here's your money. I don't calculate you'll have to wait fifteen years before we come again. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

MISS J. The idea of wearing a bonnet fifteen years! There was eleven dollars and a half profit on that sale. At this rate I'll have money enough saved up to retire from business before the end of fifteen years. Here's another customer coming.

*Enter MRS. STUBBS.*

MRS. STUBBS. I hear you've got some real nice hats for sale.

MISS J. Yes. Do you wish to get one?

MRS. S. I thought I'd come in and look 'em over. I might buy one if I could get it cheap enough. You don't never trust, do you?

MISS J. No; considering the present prices of hats I can hardly afford to do a credit business.

MRS. S. I s'pose not. (*Picks up hat and looks at it.*) What's the price of this one?

MISS J. That one is fifteen dollars with the silk ribbons and rosette. I can add a pretty feather for two dollars and a half extra.

MRS. S. My sakes alive! I couldn't pay so much as that. Think of me paying fifteen dollars for a hat and taking in washing for a living. Ain't you got any cheaper ones.

MISS J. Here is a plain one for five dollars.

MRS. S. That's more reasonable. (*Tries it on.*) Pretty good looking one, too. I don't like too many fixings on a hat.

MISS J. It looks well on you.

MRS. S. If I should decide to buy this one couldn't you allow me something for my old one in trade?

MISS J. (*aside*). Who ever heard of such a thing?

Wants to trade in an old hat! (*To MRS. S.*) I might allow you fifty cents on the purchase.

MRS. S. Fifty cents! Is that all? I paid six dollars for that hat only last year and I haven't worn it much either. Always kept it for a sort of Sunday hat.

MISS J. That's the best I can do. There isn't any call for second-hand hats.

MRS. S. Well, I'll take it, but I think you ought to allow more than that. (*Hands money. Exit.*)

MISS J. (*throws old hat in corner.*) I shouldn't have allowed anything if it hadn't been nearly all profit. If business keeps up like this all day, I'll have to order more stock. Here's someone else.

*Enter MR. SILLIMAN and MISS TITTLE. They look at the hats and occasionally at each other in a simpering manner.*

MISS J. Are you looking for a hat?

MISS TITTLE. Yes, we—that is, I'm thinking some of buying one.

MISS J. What kind do you wish?

MISS T. Oh, I hardly know yet.

MISS J. Do you wish something real nice—something expensive, or do you want a runabout hat?

MISS T. (*looks at MR. S. and both giggle.*) Why, I—I—(*giggles*)—you see we're going to get—

MR. S. We're going to be married, if nothing happens, and we—that is, she wants a hat on purpose for the occasion. It ought to be pretty nice, hadn't it?—with a good many frills and fussings on it?

MISS J. I understand what you want. I may have to trim one especially for you.

MISS T. I think that would be the best way, don't you, Jack?

MR. S. Of course. Don't see anything here good enough.

MISS J. How do you like this for the shape? (*Hands her a hat and she tries it on.*) I can trim it up nicely with cream-colored ribbons, place a buckle

on this side and a pretty bunch of roses here (*points*). How would that suit you?

Miss T. That will be just lovely. Can you have it ready by tomorrow night? We must have it then.

Miss J. Yes; I will have it ready.

Miss T. What will it cost?

Miss J. Twenty-five dollars.

Miss T. Twenty-five dollars?

Miss J. Is that more than you wanted to pay?

Mr. S. The price is all right, so long as you fix it up with a department store on top of it. (*To audience.*) A fellow don't get married every day. (*Exeunt.*)

Miss J. This has been a good half day's work. I must go to lunch now and be ready for the afternoon trade. (*Exit.*)

CURTAIN.

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## A FARM FOR SALE.

### CHARACTERS.

JONAS WITHERSPOON, *an old man.*

SUSAN WITHERSPOON, *his wife.*

MARTIN GRIGGS, *the assessor.*

SCENE: *A sitting room.* MRS. WITHERSPOON *sits by table knitting.*

*Enter* JONAS.

JONAS. Wal, Susan, jest got a letter from brother Henry's boy.

SUSAN. What's he got to say? Be they all well?

JONAS. There ain't much in it. It's short and sweet.

SUSAN. Didn't he say if they was well or not?

JONAS. Nary word about any of 'em.

SUSAN. Didn't even mention the baby an' whether it had got through teethin' or not? Wal, that's curious. What did he say, anyway?

JONAS. Wal, jest hold a minute an' I'll read it to you. (*Takes letter from pocket, opens it and reads.*) Here 'tis:

Dear Uncle Jonas:—

I write to let you know that there is a man here who wants to buy a farm in your section of the country. His name is Hiram Johnson. Knowing that you wanted to sell, I have referred him to you. He thinks he may call on you Friday. He is real anxious to buy and wants to buy stock and all, so you can set a pretty good price on your property. Hope you can make a sale. We may be over to see you next week.

Very truly, your nephew,

JACOB WITHERSPOON.

SUSAN. Land sakes! I'd give 'most anything if you could sell the farm, then we can move into the village and enjoy ourselves the rest of our days.

JONAS. Yes, that's so. Farmin's 'most too hard work for old folks like us. You may be sure I'll get all the old place is worth. What day did he say he was comin'? (*Looks at letter.*) Friday.

SUSAN. Why, it's Friday today. Goodness me! Like enough he'll be here before long.

JONAS. When he comes we must make things seem jest as big as they be. Of course, 'twouldn't be right to make 'em out any bigger.

SUSAN. I'll do my part, you can depend on that. If we move to the village I can go to the missionary society every week, and to church every Sunday, and you—why you won't have nothin' to do but split the kindlin' wood an' set around the store an' talk politics. Maybe you'll git to runnin' for office after a while.

JONAS. No; I ain't hankerin' after no office. I guess we'd better keep a few chickens and a cow and maybe a horse so's to have a little something to do.



SUSAN. Yes, Jonas, I guess 'twould be better—hark! There's someone comin' now. Maybe that's him. (JONAS goes to door.)

*Enter MARTIN GRIGGS.*

MARTIN GRIGGS. This is Mr. Jonas Witherspoon, I s'pose. I've come to look over your property and see about what it is worth.

JONAS. Yes, yes; we've been expecting you.

GRIGGS. Then you heard that I was in the neighborhood.

JONAS. Yes, I jest got word today an' Ill be glad to show you 'round the old place. It's more'n fifty years since Susan an' I settled here. Everybody says it's the best farm in these parts.

SUSAN. We've enjoyed ourselves here, had enough to eat and saved up something like \$50,000 and all off from the farm, too. Didn't have nothin' when we was married.

GRIGGS (*writes in book*). And do you still have that much money?

JONAS. Oh, yes; we've saved it up for old age.

GRIGGS. I suppose the farm has been kept up in good shape?

JONAS. Yes, trust Jonas Witherspoon for keeping up a farm.

GRIGGS. What do you consider your place worth—the farm itself, we'll say?

JONAS. Wal, there's seventy-five acres in all, an' it's worth a hundred dollars an acre, but we've decided to take \$6,000 for it, cash down.

GRIGGS (*writes*). That's a pretty good price for it, considering there's so much swamp land around, but you ought to know best. How about the stock?

JONAS. We've as fine a lot of stock as you ever saw—twenty cows, three horses, two hogs and chickens, and—

GRIGGS. What do you consider them worth?

JONAS. Oh, we've figgered that the stock an' farm—

in' tools together with about twenty ton of hay an' fifty bushels of oats ought to bring about \$4,000.

GRIGGS (*writes*). Phew!

SUSAN. Wal, you jest orter see them hosses an' cows. I'd dreadfully hate to part with 'em.

JONAS. The tools is all in good condition, too. There's a reaper an' binder, an' sulky plow,—and—and—

GRIGGS. I won't dispute your word, Mr. Witherspoon, you see I—

JONAS. You'd better come out an' look things over for yourself, Mr. Johnson.

GRIGGS. Johnson? My name isn't Johnson.

JONAS. What? Ain't you the feller that wants to buy a farm?

GRIGGS. Buy a farm? No! I'm the assessor. It's my first trip and I wanted to be fair with everyone and not assess property too high.

JONAS. We thought you were Mr. Hiram Johnson from Billings. We expected him here today to look at the farm with prospect of buyin' it.

GRIGGS. Why, haven't you heard? He's just bought the old Sizer place down on the Smith Hollow road.

JONAS. You don't say! Is that so?

GRIGGS. Yes, they drew up the writings yesterday. Well, good-bye, Mr. Witherspoon. You're the most honest man I've met today. (*Exit.*)

SUSAN. Land sakes! Jest think what we've gone an' told him!

JONAS. Yes, I guess we made a mess of it this time, but then maybe we wouldn't have enjoyed it so well in the village after all.

CURTAIN.

## THE EDITOR'S BUSY DAY.

## CHARACTERS.

EDITOR.	MRS. RAY.
MR. O'ROURKE.	MRS. WHITE.
MRS. DUSENBURY.	MRS. GERE.
OFFICE BOY.	

SCENE: *An editor's sanctum. The EDITOR is seated at his desk.*

EDITOR. Well, I hope there won't be many in today. I've got so much on hand to do that I don't know where to commence. Some people think that an editor's time is everybody's time. Let me see what I have to do—there's the account of the convention of the Knights of the High Fliers; then there's Pat Magoon's wedding to write up; Mike Flaherty's obituary; the locals to get ready, and that editorial in answer to the Springtown Gazette. I tell you that will be a fiery article, and if anybody comes in then, they'd better look out. There's no telling what may happen. Guess I'll begin on Pat Magoon's wedding. (*Writes.*) Now, how's this, I wonder. (*Reads.*) "We are pleased to note that our worthy and esteemed fellow-townsmen, Pat Magoon, has relinquished his life of single blessedness and taken unto himself a wife. The fortunate (?) lady who will share her future lot with Pat is none other than Miss Mary Murphy, the daughter of Michael Murphy the lamp-lighter," (*Speaks*) I had to put a question mark after the word "fortunate," because it's a question whether she is or not, when Pat gets on one of his sprees. (*Reads*) "The wedding oc-

curred at the home of the bride, Wednesday evening at seven o'clock. Nearly fifty guests were present to witness the ceremony, it being one of the largest weddings ever held in this community." (*Speaks*) Hello! here comes somebody now. I knew they'd begin to come just as soon as I got nicely to work.

*Enter* MRS. RAY, MRS. WHITE, and MRS. GERE.

MRS. RAY. Good morning, Mr. Editor. This is a fine morning.

EDITOR. Yes, very fine. What can I do for you?

MRS. RAY. We represent the ladies of the Foreign Missionary Society. As you may know, we are trying to raise money to pay the indebtedness on the parsonage.

EDITOR. Yes, and I am trying to raise money to pay the indebtedness on my coal bin.

OFFICE BOY. Copy, sir.

EDITOR. Here, take this. I'll have more in a few minutes.

MRS. RAY. Well, to come to the point, we ladies have pieced a beautiful quilt—oh, an elegant one—and we propose to sell chances on it at fifty cents each.

EDITOR. A sort of lottery scheme, you mean.

MRS. GERE. Lottery! Oh, no; we don't look at it in that light. It is for the church, you know, and we thought, of course, you would like to buy one or two tickets of us.

MRS. WHITE. Knowing that you are such a public-spirited man, and having enjoyed reading your paper so much, we naturally came to you first. We hope that you will head the list with at least two tickets.

EDITOR. Um-m; yes,—may I ask how many of you are subscribers to the "Bugle?"

MRS. RAY. Oh, we are not all subscribers, of course, but we read it every week and enjoy it very much.

MRS. GERE. Mrs. Hyde takes it and we borrow it of her. She is very willing to lend it.

EDITOR. How do you expect I can buy tickets to



everything that comes along when you borrow somebody else's paper to save a dollar? No, I shall be obliged to decline.

MRS. RAY. There! That's just what I told you. He's a mean, stingy, selfish man.

MRS. WHITE. We'll never read your old paper again. We'll read the "Gazette."

MRS. GERE. And we'll ask Mrs. Hyde to stop her paper when the time is out. Good-bye. (*Exeunt.*)

EDITOR. There they go—mad as setting hens. Can't help it, though. I've got to draw the line somewhere. Let me see, what was I doing when they came in? Oh, I know! I was writing Mike Flaherty's obituary. I've most forgot where I left off. (*Writes and then reads*) "The grief of the poor old father and mother could hardly be consoled. The friends and mourners all passed around to take a last look at the remains. It was a sad occasion. The ceremony over, the procession, which consisted of twenty-five hacks, started on its long journey to Glenwood, the final resting place of the departed." (*A noise is heard outside.*) There's someone else. Here, Johnny, take this in and tell them to set it up along with the other.

*Enter* MR. O'ROURKE.

MR. O'ROURKE. Would yez loike to hear a bit uv news, Mister Editor?

EDITOR. Why, of course! I'm on the lookout for all the news I can get.

MR. O'R. Well, it's a foine bit uv news, it is thot, but mebbe ye'd be afther callin' it two bits.

EDITOR. I should be glad to hear it, Mr. O'Rourke.

MR. O'R. Yis, I'm shure yez would. It's the bist piece uv news that's happened since Maggie an' mesilf were jined together. Och! It's that tickled I be thot I could jist jump clane over that table. (*Jumps up and cracks heels together.*)

EDITOR. Don't try it, Mr. O'Rourke, you might break something.



MR. O'R. Niver moind breakin' onything at all. We'll jist settle for the damages later.

EDITOR. Well, it must be a jolly sort of news. You've been celebrating the occasion, haven't you?

MR. O'R. Yis, sor, ivery blissed minute since the evint occurred. But if ye mane cilibratin' be the use uv shtimulants, thin ye're mistaken for I was niver more sober than I am this minute.

EDITOR. Well, what is your news? I'm getting tired of waiting.

MR. O'R. It's twins, sor, an' a purtier pair uv twins ye niver saw in your loife. Their fachurs resimble both Maggie an' mesilf.

EDITOR. I judge they must be a very handsome pair of twins. I shall certainly write a good account of them.

MR. O'R. Thank ye, sor, an' now I must hurry back to see how they be gittin' along, the blissed angels. (*Exit.*)

EDITOR. Well, I'm glad he's so happy. But I must get to my work. (*Writes. Noise outside.*) Bother such luck! Here's someone else coming.

*Enter* MRS. DUSENBURY.

MRS. DUSENBURY. Are you the editor of this 'ere paper?

EDITOR. I am the editor. What do you wish?

MRS. D. Wal, I jest stopped in to tell you that my old man has jist bought a full blooded Jersey cow. Got her of Sam Wheeler of Pokeville, an' she's an A No. 1 animal. Kinder thought mebbe you'd like to put it in the paper if you was anyways short up for news.

EDITOR. The fact is, we're not short of news. Got more on hand now than we've got space for. I don't see how we can possibly get it in this week.

MRS. D. Can't hey! Can't put in about that Jersey cow? I jest knew you wouldn't do it. We wanted to show Adam Podger that we can buy a cow jest as

well as he can. He's been braggin' about what a grand cow he's bought, an' had it put in the paper, so we jest thought we'd show him that somebody else could buy a cow, too. But you needn't put it in if you don't want to. We'll live right along jest the same, I s'pose. Everybody says you don't print half the news.

EDITOR. We print all we can get that the people are interested in.

MRS. D. You do, eh! Last summer when my third cousin was here from Texas, you never said a word about it, and he's a big gun down there, too—owns a big saw mill and is town constable or something of the kind.

EDITOR. But madam, I hadn't heard that—

MRS. D. Then last spring when we had the first green peas of the season—why, long fore Hi Briggs had 'em, you said as how his was the fust. I s'pose likely he give you a mess of em, didn't he?

EDITOR. Why, yes, but—

MRS. D. Jest what I thought. Touched ye in a tender spot—in the stomach. Wal, I won't hinder ye any longer, but when it comes time to subscribe again, why you can jest cross our name off. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

EDITOR. I declare! She got mad awful easy. Wanted to get even with Adam Podger, did she? Well, I must get to work again. I'm in the right mood to write that editorial now. I'll go into the press room to finish my writing and if anybody else comes tell them the editor is not in.

CURTAIN.

## A PROPOSAL.

## CHARACTERS.

SAM WILSON, *a widower.*MISS KETCHUM, *a maiden lady.*

SCENE: *An ordinary room. MISS KETCHUM is discovered looking at a calendar.*

MISS KETCHUM. I declare, if it ain't the 15th of January (*substitute any month and day desired*), and my birthday, too. Why, I'd forgotten everything about it until this minute. How time does fly! Now folks wouldn't believe it, but I am—yes, really, I am thirty-seven years old today and not married yet. Of course, I don't tell anybody I'm as old as that. Everybody thinks I'm about twenty-five, and some folks say I don't look to be over twenty. Why only this morning Mrs. Fish says to me, "How young you look, Miss Ketchum! You'll be the next girl to get married." That set me to thinking, and I've been thinking to myself ever since, "I wonder if that will be so." Folks'll begin to say I'm an "old maid" pretty soon and that will be dreadful. I should awfully hate to be called an "old maid." 'Tain't 'cause I haven't had any chances, though. I've had lots of 'em. First one was Jed Wilkins. He courted me nigh onto five years, but the old folks was getting so feeble that I couldn't leave home then, so he married Lizzie Burke. That was fifteen years ago—my, just think of it!—and they've got eight children now. Next was John Peters, but he was a widower and most old enough to be my father, so I had to refuse him. Well, then come Si Perkins. He was awful bashful, but as honest as the day is long. I guess I'd a had Si if it hadn't been that he

got killed by the cars just as he was driving across the tracks with a load of punkins. There was that young minister, too—let me see, what was his name?—oh, yes! Elder Wetherbee. He was plumb distracted over me, but I didn't think I'd make a very good minister's wife, so I had to say "no" to him. That warn't all of 'em either, but there ain't no use mourning over 'em. Them times have passed and you know what the poet said:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

I ain't so old that I need to give up yet. Of course, I don't let on that I want to get married. If I did every old bachelor and widower in the county would be after me. I've known folks lots older than me to get married and make pretty good matches, too. There was Susan Peabody, was most fifty when she got married to Ben Morgan, and they're just as happy as two clams. There's Martha Brink, too, has been married five times and outlived 'em all and stands a good chance of getting another one, so they say. I guess I don't need to worry any, but I ain't going to take up with any one that comes along. (*Looks toward the left intently.*) I declare, if there ain't Sam Wilson hitching his horse out in front. I wonder what he wants here. (*Puts on a clean apron, fixes hair, etc.*)

*A knock is heard at the door. She rises and MR. WILSON enters.*

MR. WILSON. Good mornin', Miss Ketchum.

MISS K. Why, good morning, Mr. Wilson. Come right in and sit down.

MR. W. Pretty nice sort of weather we're havin' jest now.

MISS K. I was just thinking that it is 'most too nice to stay in the house all day.

MR. W. My! You've got an awful big house here. I should think you'd get lonesome living all alone.



MISS K. Oh, Mr. Wilson, you don't have any idea how lonesome I get. Seems as if I could hardly stand it sometimes.

MR. W. I should think you could get some one to stay with you for company.

MISS K. Yes, I have thought some of it, if I could find anyone. (*A pause.*)

MR. W. Miss Ketchum, perhaps I'd better tell you my business. I thought I would come over to see you—

MISS K. I'm awfully glad you came, Mr. Wilson. It seems good to have people come in. Folks ain't near as sociable nowadays as they used to be. Do you think so?

MR. W. No; I dunno as they be. I get lonesome, too. You see my wife's been dead now going on six months, and it leaves me to do all the housework, get the meals, attend to the farmwork and take care of the children.

MISS K. How many children have you?

MR. W. Two. A boy and a girl. The girl's four years old and the boy's six. They're just as good as they can be, but I tell you it keeps me hustling to look after everything.

MISS K. Why don't you get a woman.

MR. W. That's what I'm thinking about. I came over to propose that—

MISS K. Oh, Mr. Wilson, it's so sudden! Why, yes, of course—but really, you must give me a little time to think it over.

MR. W. The fact is, I want a housekeeper right away. The children need more attention than I can give them. Besides a man can't take care of children like a woman.

MISS K. You are quite right about that.

MR. W. And I think you would get along very nicely with the children.

MISS K. Yes, I am sure of it. I think I should like it very much.



MR. W. And I will give you as good board as you can get anywhere.

MISS K. Oh, to be sure.

MR. W. And five dollars a week besides.

MISS K. I suppose that would be "pin money."

MR. W. Well, you could buy pins with it, or whatever you wanted, though 'twould seem kinder foolish to spend it all for pins.

MISS K. (*laughs*). He! he! he! You don't understand me. By "pin-money" I mean spending money.

MR. W. Oh, that's it. Well, 'twould be yours to spend as you please. That's a leetle more than they generally pay, but I know you're a good housekeeper.

MISS K. You are a very liberal man, and I—I—really—I don't know but I might consent to become your—your—

MR. W. Housekeeper.

MISS K. Yes, if that's the way you choose to put it.

MR. W. When can you come?

MISS K. Will tomorrow be soon enough?

MR. W. Yes, I will drive around for you tomorrow. I shall want you to stay with me for about a month or six weeks.

MISS K. A month? What do you mean?

MR. W. Just what I say, that you keep house for me for that length of time. I haven't said anything about it to anyone else, but the fact is, I expect to marry Miss Johnson of Pokeville next month and—

MISS K. Marry Miss Johnson? Then you want me to keep house for you just like a hired servant? You horrid man! I thought you said you came to propose.

MR. W. So I did. I wished to propose that you keep house for me until Miss Johnson should become Mrs. Wilson. You didn't give me time to finish the sentence.

MISS K. The idea! Me a hired servant! Indeed, I won't! You may take yourself away just as quickly as you came.

MR. W. I beg your pardon, Miss Ketchum, I didn't mean to offend you.

MISS K. You needn't go to making any apologies. I won't have anything more to say to you. You may go.

MR. W. I'm real sorry. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

MISS K. Didn't mean to offend me! He couldn't have found an easier way to do it. I thought he wanted me for his wife, but I'm real glad he didn't for I never should have got along with those two children.

CURTAIN.

## PULLING SAM'S TOOTH.

### CHARACTERS.

GEORGE.

SARAH.

HENRY.

MARIE.

SAM, *colored.*

SCENE: *An ordinary room. All seated except SAM.*

*Enter SAM with head bandaged and groaning loudly.*

SARAH. What's the matter, Sam?

SAM. Oh, I'se don' got de bigges' toofache yo' eber saw in yo' bo'n days. It ache jes' like it split my head right off.

MARIE. What makes it ache, Sam? Have you caught cold in it.

GEORGE. Maybe you've been eating too much watermelon.

HENRY. Or bit too hard on a chicken bone.

SARAH. It's a shame to try to play off those old jokes on him when he's suffering so. Haven't you got any sympathy.

SAM. Oh, Miss Sarah, it all come jes' on 'count ob

de kindness ob Miss Mar'gret. She gib me some 'lasses candy, she did, an' it jes' stuck in dat toof an' oh, my!—  
(*groans.*)

MARIE. Haven't you put anything on it!

SAM. Ain't had nuffin' to put on it.

MARIE. Wait. I'll go and get something. I can't bear to see anyone suffer so.

GEORGE. You're too soft-hearted. Toothache never killed anyone yet. (*Exit MARIE.*)

SAM. Golly! Guess yo' ain't nebber had it, hab yo'?

GEORGE. I have seldom had the pleasure.

*Enter MARIE with bottle and cotton.*

MARIE. Here, Sam, is something that may help it. I'll put a little on this cotton and you must crowd it into your tooth.

SAM. For de lan' sakes, Missa, dar ain't nigh enuf cotton. It'll take seben times as much as dat.

HENRY. Gee whillikins! What kind of a tooth have you got anyway?

SAM. Feels jes' like it was big as a meetin' house.

HENRY. Well, I should say it was, if it takes all that cotton to fill it.

SAM. I jes' wish dat toof was in some odder feller's mouf.

GEORGE. I say, why don't you have it pulled? I'm a tip-top hand to pull teeth.

HENRY. Just the thing! I'll go and get the pincers. (*Exit.*)

SARAH. No; I just wouldn't do it. It will be worse than the ache.

*Enter HENRY with large pair of pincers.*

SAM. If it's worser dan de ache, den I'se suah a goner.

HENRY. Here's the tools, so go ahead, Mr. Dentist.

GEORGE. Get ready, Sam. Sit in this big chair.

where I can get at it. Oh, I tell you I am an expert at it. Used to pull teeth in the army. (*Flourishes pincers about SAM's head.*)

MARIE. Oh, don't, boys! It's wicked to bother him so when he's in so much pain.

GEORGE. It will only hurt a minute, then it will all be over. Henry, you hold his head. (*HENRY holds SAM's head and braces himself.*)

SARAH. I'll get a glass of water. (*Exit and soon returns with glass of water. She stands at SAM's side waiting. MARIE stands at rear frightened.*)

GEORGE. Ready, now, Sam. Open your mouth.

SAM. Yes, sah, I'se don' been ready fo' de operation. Yo' jes' make a mighty quick job ob it, Marse Gawge.

GEORGE. It'll be out before you can say "Jack Robinson." (*SAM leans head back and opens his mouth very wide. GEORGE puts pincers into his mouth.*)

SAM. Hol' on dar! Hol' on dar! (*Waves hand frantically for GEORGE to stop. GEORGE takes pincers from mouth.*)

GEORGE. What ails you. How can I pull your tooth when you act like a lunatic?

SAM. Yo' don' got hol' ob de wrong toof. It am de nex' one farder back in de mouf.

GEORGE. Well, open your mouth again and let me get hold of the right one. (*Puts pincers in mouth again.*) Is that the one?

SAM. Uh-huh!

GEORGE. Ready, Henry! Now for a quick pull, a steady pull and a pull all together. (*He gives quick jerk, pincers snap together, and GEORGE reels backward. Girls scream.*)

SAM (*howling with pain, holding jaw, and prancing about the room*). Land a massa! I'se don' kilt, suah. I is! Oh-h-h-h! Oh, Lawd, hab marcy! Oh-h-h-h—

HENRY. What in the world is the matter, anyway! I thought the earth had given 'way.

GEORGE. Nothing, only the pesky old pincers slipped.

Come, Sam, get ready and I'll make a sure thing of it this time.

SARAH. Oh, don't try to pull it, George. You know you can't do it.

GEORGE. Can't, eh? Well, if I can't pull it this time, then my name ain't George Barnum. I'll tell you one thing, though, it's a whopper.

SAM. Oh, Marse Gawge, I'se powerful scared 'bout havin' it pulled. Wait 'till some odder day.

HENRY. No, Sam, have it done now, then it won't bother you any more.

GEORGE. Open your mouth, Sam.

SAM. Oh, golly, Marse Gawge, hab I gotter do it?

BOYS. Yes, yes! (SAM *seats himself with back to audience and opens his mouth.* HENRY *holds his head.* GEORGE *pretends to put pincers in SAM'S mouth, but really seizes a large wooden tooth which is concealed under SAM'S collar. After a considerable twisting and jerking and a great many groans from SAM and "Oh, don'ts" from the girls, he gives a sudden pull and holds up the wooden tooth.*)

GEORGE. Bravo!

GIRLS. Oh-h-h-h, my!

HENRY. What's come—the whole jaw bone?

SARAH. My! I don't wonder it ached. Why, it's 'most as big as a teacup.

MARIE. It's like an elephant's tusk.

GEORGE. Sell it to a museum, Sam, and make your fortune on it.

SAM. I'se jes' gwine to keep it to show my ol' mammy. It seems jes' like de inside ob my mouf all gone. But yo' jes' right I'se powerful glad to get rid ob him all de same. I tells yo, Marse, Gawge, you'se a boss dentis', yo' is for a fac'.

CURTAIN.



## A DISTURBANCE IN THE FAMILY.

## CHARACTERS.

MRS. BROWN.

BRIDGET.

MR. BROWN.

FIREMAN.

SUSIE BROWN.

POLICEMAN.

GEORGE BROWN.

NEIGHBOR.

SCENE: *A sitting-room. The BROWN family are discovered; MR. BROWN reading, MRS. BROWN sewing, SUSIE and GEORGE with slates.*

MRS. BROWN. Have you had a busy day, John?

MR. BROWN. Yes, and a hard one, too. We've had an unusual number of orders to put up. I tell you it's kept us hustling from early this morning until seven o'clock tonight, then we didn't finish. It seems pretty good to sit down. I s'pose you've had an easy time of it?

MRS. B. Indeed, I haven't. I've been cleaning the pantry and the kitchen, and I'm just about tuckered out tonight. Bridget and I have washed every dish in the house.

GEORGE. Say, pa, won't you tell us a story?

MRS. B. No, your pa can't tell any stories tonight. He's too tired. Wait till tomorrow night.

MR. B. I'll glance over the paper for a few minutes, then go to bed. I'll sleep like a log tonight.

SUSIE. Oh, mamma, guess what happened at school today.

MRS. B. Probably one of you got a whipping.

SUSIE. No, but Henry Haskins did.

GEORGE. Yes, sir, and teacher laid it on good, too. I'll bet they could hear him holler two blocks away.

MRS. B. You look out that you don't get it next time.

GEORGE. You don't catch me getting a licking if I can help it. (Mr. B. *falls asleep in his chair and snores once or twice. The paper drops into his lap.*)

SUSIE. Oh, see! Papa's gone to sleep.

MRS. B. Yes, he's tired out. It's time he was in bed, and you, too.

GEORGE. We don't want to go to bed yet. We've got our examples to get.

MRS. B. Why don't you get to work at them, then?

GEORGE. We're going to. (*They work on slate and study to themselves. GEORGE stops suddenly and points at floor.*) Oh, ma, there's a mouse just run across the floor.

MRS. B. A mouse! I guess you must be mistaken, George.

GEORGE. Nope, I'm sure it was a mouse, or else a rat.

SUSIE. Oh, dear, you don't suppose it was a rat, do you?

MRS. B. There it goes now! It is a mouse. (*Jumps upon a chair and draws skirts about her. SUSIE does the same.*) Oh, John! Bridget! Help! Fire!

MR. B. (*awakening*). Why—er—good gracious! What's the matter? Have you gone crazy?

MRS. B. Oh, kill it! Kill it! Don't let it get up here!

MR. B. Kill what? I don't see anything to kill.

*Enter BRIDGET.*

BRIDGET. Holy saints! Whativer is the mather?

GEORGE. It's a mouse, pa. There it is in the corner now. (Mr. B. and GEORGE *run about the stage pretending to chase it. A toy mouse may be drawn across the stage by long black cords which extend back of the scenery.*)

BRIDGET. A mouse did yez say. Oh, murther! (*Jumps upon chair.*)

MRS. B. There it goes again. Oh-h-h-h! (MRS. B. and BRIDGET *scream.*)

MR. B. Do stop making such a noise over a little mouse. The poor thing is frightened as much as you are. You'll have all the neighbors in to see what's the matter.

*Enter FIREMAN and NEIGHBOR.*

FIREMAN. Where's the fire? Someone said there was a fire here.

MR. B. There's no fire here. It's just an innocent little mouse has taken it into its head to look around a little, and these women happened to see it and are nearly scared to death.

BRIDGET. Och! There it goes again. Why don't you kill it? Ye're all cowards, that's what yez be.

MR. B. If you can do any better than we can, why don't you get down from that chair and do it?

FIREMAN. I've half a mind to turn the hose on and drown it out. The idea of calling a fire department out just on account of a mouse.

MR. B. We didn't call the department out.

NEIGHBOR. Somebody hollowed "Fire!" just as I was going by. I heard 'em.

MR. B. (*to* MRS. B.) Now, see what a rumpus you stirred up, all for nothing.

MRS. B. Nothing! I guess you'd think 'twas something if you saw one coming straight toward you. There it comes now! (MR. B. *runs after it, but suddenly grasps his leg just below the knee.*)

MR. B. Great Scott! There it goes up my leg. Get the broom, Bridget. (BRIDGET *jumps from chair and runs from room.*)

MRS. B. Have you got it? Oh, good! Don't let it go again. (*Gets down from chair.*)

MR. B. By the way it's sticking its claws into my leg I don't think it intends to let go right away. (*Dances about the room.* BRIDGET *enters with broom and begins to pound his leg.*)

BRIDGET. Faix, we'll kill the varmint, that we will.

MR. B. Oh, Bridget, mind what you're doing. You'll kill me as well as the mouse.

MRS. B. Run and get the teakettle, Bridget, and scald it to death.

MR. B. How are you going to scald it when it's up my trouser leg, I'd like to know?

MRS. B. Don't let it out, John. Hang on to it until we find a way to kill it.

MR. B. Yes, sit down and think the matter over for a while. Maybe you think it's fun. How'd you like to change places with me for a spell?

MRS. B. Run for the police, Bridget. Quick! something must be done.

BRIDGET. Shure, mum, I'll get a polaceman here at once. (*Exit.*)

(MR. B. *continues to prance about the room. The position of the hands may indicate the gradual wriggling of the mouse upward.*)

GEORGE (*laughing*). Oh, see pa dance!

MR. B. You wait until I get rid of this pesky mouse. Maybe you'll dance to a different tune.

*Enter POLICEMAN and BRIDGET.*

POLICEMAN. What's the row here? Who's killed?

MRS. B. Nobody's killed. It's a mouse, and John's got it up his trouser leg. Can't you help him kill it some way?

POLICEMAN. A mouse is it? Well, yez can come wid me down to the polace station and answer to the charge of disturbin' the pace, that yez can. (*Takes hold of MR. B.'s shoulder. Women scream.*)

GEORGE. Don't take my pa away, Mr. Policeman.

MR. B. Sir, we have interfered with no one in the least. We were attending to our own business.

MRS. B. Oh, sir, he hasn't done anything but try to catch a mouse.

POLICEMAN. He'll have a chance to explain it to the justice. Come along, sir. (*Pulls MR. B. from*

room, the latter still holding on to his leg. All follow.)

MR. B. Now, see what you've done.

MRS. B. It's a shame!

BRIDGET. It's a burnin' disgrace, an' all on account of a little mouse.

CURTAIN.

## THE PLANTERS.

### CHARACTERS.

HARRY.

ANNA.

RAY.

LOTTIE.

ALBERT.

MAY.

BEN.

ALICE.

*The boys may wear light suits and the girls light dresses.*

SCENE: *A park or lawn. ALBERT and BEN are discovered, seated on a bench.*

*Enter HARRY and RAY, carrying spades.*

HARRY. Where are your spades, boys? Aren't you going to help us plant the tree?

ALBERT. Why, haven't you help enough?

RAY. No, we need all the help we can get. We've got a whopping big tree. Have you seen it?

BEN. No, where'd you get it?

RAY. Down in Benson's big woods. Come and we'll show it to you.

ALBERT. Pshaw! What's the use of planting trees, anyway?

HARRY. What's the use of doing anything?

ALBERT. That's what I say. Do just as little as



you possibly can. That's the best way to get through this world.

RAY. Come on, Harry. If they wish to be lazy-bones, let them be so. We can get along some way.

ALBERT. Honest, now, what's the use of planting trees in the schoolyard?

HARRY. To make it look pretty and shady.

ALBERT. 'Twon't amount to much 'till after we've all got through school.

RAY. Somebody else can enjoy them if we can't.

ALBERT. Let 'em plant 'em, then. I've got enough to do to look after myself. Always look out for yourself first. That's my motto.

HARRY. Suppose everybody had said the same thing years ago, what would we do for shade trees and fruit trees now?

ALBERT. There were trees enough if folks hadn't cut them down so fast. I've split a whole forest of kindling wood.

BEN. It doesn't do any good to plant trees on the school ground. We've planted them every year since I've been to school and we always name them for some great men, then they always die right away.

RAY. Who? The great men?

BEN. Well, some of them do, but the trees always do.

HARRY. Not all of them. There's that big maple in the corner of the yard.

BEN. That's because we got into a dispute about a name and finally settled on "Yankee Doodle." It's name saved it. You can't kill "Yankee Doodle. (ALBERT and BEN whistle "Yankee Doodle.")

*Enter ANNA, MAY, LOTTIE and ALICE carrying spades.*

ALBERT. I declare, if here aren't some more planters. Girls, too! Aren't there boys enough in this school to shovel dirt without girls doing it?

HARRY. Perhaps they overheard you talking a moment ago.

BEN. We were only making believe. We have our spades here. Did you really believe that we wouldn't help?

HARRY. We formed that impression.

LOTTIE. We haven't heard anything. We want to help. That's why we're here.

ANNA. We want to have it said that we helped plant this tree.

MAY. We can shovel just as well as boys can.

HARRY. I haven't any doubt but you can do it better than some.

ALICE. What are we going to name the tree?

RAY. We haven't decided yet. Can anyone suggest a name?

HARRY. We might name it after the president.

MAY. Or Christopher Columbus.

LOTTIE. Or George Washington.

ALBERT. Why not call it "Robinson Crusoe?"

BEN. Let's name it after Harry Wainwright. (*The name of some boy in school or local character may be substituted if desired.*)

ANNA. You're not in earnest, now.

RAY. If the names we suggest don't suit, then name it "Uncle Sam."

BEN. Just the thing.

MAY. I think that is a very good name.

LOTTIE. Yes, let it be "Uncle Sam."

ALL. Hurrah for the new tree! Hurrah for Uncle Sam!

(*One of the girls steps forward and recites the following verses, or all may recite in concert.*)

#### THE MAPLE TREE.

Plant the maple by the roadside,  
Plant it on the schoolhouse green,  
Plant it where its future shadows  
Will the burning sunlight screen.

Though we shall have passed our school days  
Ere 'tis large enough to cast  
Noon-day shadows o'er the playground  
Where our happiest days are passed.

There, beneath its spreading branches,  
After generations hence,  
Little ones will play and prattle  
In their childish innocence.

Not alone for passing pleasure,  
Nor to make an idle show,  
Do we plant these stately maples,  
Do we watch them as they grow.

We are truly benefactors,  
Doing in our simple way,  
Deeds, that will in years to follow  
Show our kindness of today.

NOTE: *Each boy and girl should be provided with an imitation spade, which may be made by cutting a square of sheet iron for the blade and fastening it into a slit in the end of a wooden handle. The letters of the words "Arbor Day" may be painted, one on each blade. If the poem is recited in concert, the spades may be held nearly vertical over the shoulder. At the close of the recital some Arbor Day song may be sung, at which time the spades are held so as to make the words plainly visible to the audience. On the opposite sides of the spades, the words "Uncle Sam" may be painted, if desired, and displayed at the close of the dialogue.*

CURTAIN.

## UNCLE SAM'S PEACE PARTY.

## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

UNCLE SAM—Customary striped trousers, white vest decorated with stars, swallow-tail coat, high hat, long chin whiskers.

COLUMBIA—Long white dress adorned with gilt stars or spangles; gilt crown.

DAUGHTER OF CONFEDERACY—Much the same as Columbia.

PLANTER—White suit; large straw hat.

COWBOY—Buff, or buckskin-colored trousers, belt, blouse, sombrero hat.

LUMBERMAN—Red blouse, belt, trousers tucked into boots.

MECHANIC—Ordinary working suit, short apron, small black visored or skull cap.

SOLDIER AND MARINE—Regulation uniforms.

SAMBO—White baggy trousers, belt, checked or figured blouse; large straw hat.

JOHN BULL.—Black cutaway coat, dark trousers, white vest (the whole suit should be much too large and stuffed to proper size), high silk hat, gold-headed cane. He carries himself very pompously.

GERMAN—Short coat, trousers of mixed or checked goods (very large and stuffed), low visored cap, long German pipe.

HOLLANDER—Short jacket, full baggy trousers (dark colored), belt with large buckles, wide-brimmed hat, thick hair cut at neck.

ITALIAN—Red blouse, dark trousers, belt, black slouched hat with red band; hand organ.

SWISS—Short jacket, bright-colored waistcoat, short trousers with buttons at sides, legs bound with cords below the knees, small hat.

FRENCHMAN—Blue blouse, blue trousers, visored cap.

SCOTCHMAN—Kilted skirt of bright plaid, falling to the knees; plaid stockings (knees bare), tam-o'-shanter cap or turban, plaid shawl thrown over the shoulder.

RUSSIAN—Long coat with wide bright colored collar, fur or visored cap.

TURK—Very full, baggy trousers, gathered at the knees, blouse, dark jacket trimmed with gilt, red sash and red fez.

SPANIARD—Short dark jacket, long trousers, blue or bright red sash at waist, sandals, large deep-brimmed hat with conical crown.

IRISHMAN—Short coat, long trousers, large green tie, narrow-brimmed high hat.

JAPANESE—Kimono, girdle of striped silk.

CHINESE—Long loose coat with very full sleeves; very wide; long trousers, small round hat with braid of false hair sewed inside of back of it.

#### DECORATIONS.

The stage should be decorated with strips of red, white and blue cheese cloth. A large United States flag may be hung at the rear and small flags of other nations placed about the stage.

*Enter* UNCLE SAM *soliloquizing*.

UNCLE SAM. This is, indeed, going to be a grand occasion. Many of my friends from across the water are coming to do me honor. You see they appreciate the greatness of Uncle Sam. I have not felt so jubilant in a long time—not since that little quarrel of ours was settled, or since Dewey came back from the Philip-



pires. Here are the girls. They, too, must share in this festive occasion.

*Enter COLUMBIA and DAUGHTER OF CONFEDERACY, while the first stanza of "America" is sung by chorus at side of stage.*

UNCLE SAM. Now, daughters, we must be ready for our guests. It is nearly time they were here.

COLUMBIA. Yes, Uncle Sam, I have come to stand at your right hand to receive them.

DAUGHTER OF CONFEDERACY. And may I stand at your left, Uncle Sam? Truly I am now a loyal daughter of thine.

U. S. It will afford me as great pleasure as yourself. It is quite fitting that the Daughter of the Confederacy should assist in receiving the guests of the nation. We are one family today—no North, no South, but all united under one flag (*points to flag*).

GIRLS—

“The union of lakes, the union of lands,  
The union of states none can sever,  
The union of hearts, the union of hands,  
And the flag of our Union forever.”

U. S. Now where are my loyal sons? I must have them with me to do the thing up right.

SONS. We are here! We are here—

PLANTER. From the sunny cotton fields of the South—

COWBOY. From the broad plains of the West—

LUMBERMAN. From the timberlands of the North—

MECHANIC. And from the busy mills of the East—

ALL. We have come today to show our love and esteem for you and for the glorious stars and stripes.

U. S. Your loyalty is the foundation of America's greatness; but my defenders, the Army and Navy, of whom I am justly proud—where are they?

SOLDIER AND MARINE. We, too, are here and ever at your service.

SOLDIER. Where the American soldier is, there shall no danger befall you on the land.

MARINE. And where the American battleship floats your safety is secure upon the sea.

U. S. You have no need to tell it; I have learned it from experience.

*Enter SAMBO.*

SAMBO. Gib dis darky a place in de celebration. Whar he is, no watermillion am safe, no, sah (*steps to front of stage and sings to tune of "Uncle Ned"*).

I'se jes' as happy as a little pickanin',

Playin' on de ol' cabin flo',

Wid mammy pickin' cotton in de fiel' close by,

An' Daddy gone away wid his hoe.

Oh, I'se jes' as happy as a little pickanin',

Kickin' up his heels to de sky,

While mammy's keepin' watch les de booger man come,

An' Daddy's comin' home bime-by.

Oh, I'se jes' as happy as—

U. S. Hold on, Sambo; that will do. Our guests are at hand.

*Enter JOHN BULL.*

U. S. Welcome, John Bull. I am pleased to greet you as my first guest. I have many friends, but the ties of blood are ever stronger.

JOHN BULL. Give us your hand, Uncle Sam. We are always friends. (*They shake hands.*)

U. S. Aye! aye! Friends now, but we were not always so. How about Lexington and Concord?

JOHN B. And Yorktown. I remember them too well; but bygones are bygones. We must forget those. We are living in the present, not the past.

*Enter FRENCHMAN.*

FRENCHMAN. Ze Frenchman comes with greetings to Uncle Sam, as a friend in ze name of liberty. Ze

friendship zat began with Franklin have grown stronger with all ze years zat have passed.

U. S. And all America loves and honors the name of La Fayette. He was the hero and the idol of two worlds.

*Enter GERMAN.*

GERMAN. Der Deutcher comes from der Rhinelandt ofer mit der luf off der Kaiser undt his beoples. Often he dakes his pipe der mantle off undt schmokes der American veed, undt dhreams off der country vhere his peet sugar vas gone to schweeten der beople's coffees. Yah, mein herr, dat vas so!

*Enter HOLLANDER.*

HOLLANDER. Der leetle Hollander vas coom to tell off der peace und industry off der Neiderlands. Ve luf no var. Ve til our fertile lands und leave der fighting to odder countries. Ve luf our beautiful country und ve luf Uncle Sam und der American people.

*Enter ITALIAN playing a hand organ, or if more convenient, an Italian air may be played upon the piano.*

ITALIAN. De people of Sunny It'ly send their love to you, Uncle Sam. If you wanta some work done, we do it cheapa; if you wanta music, we playa de organ on de street; if you wanta de nice fruit, we bringa it from de sunny plains of Sicily. And many of us getta de biga business and de biga stores in your cities.

*Enter SWISS.*

U. S. Here is another friend of liberty. Welcome, brave mountaineer.

SWISS. The hardy Swiss loves the names of Tell and Winkelreid as you revere the names of Washington and Lincoln. To us, who dwell among the Alps, the dearest word is liberty. If you will but visit us in our mountain homes we will show you some of the

thriftiest, most contented people, and the finest scenery in the world.

*Enter RUSSIAN.*

RUSSIAN. The czar of all the Russias sends his greetings to Uncle Sam.

U. S. "God save the czar!"

RUSSIAN. So his friends are always saying and praying. And well they may, for Russia is an immense country and it is difficult to keep all satisfied. No doubt the fur-clad Finns of the North, the serf-peasants of the Volga, the far Siberian miners and those who cherish the name of Kosciusko—all listen eagerly to the tales of America.

*Enter SCOTCHMAN.*

SCOTCHMAN. I come frae the land o' the Scot—the land o' brave laddies and bonny lassies, of Wallace and o' Bruce. Dinna ye ken how the fresh mountain air and the oaten cakes give us strong bodies and warm hearts, and 'tis aye a big place in our hearts that we hold for ye, Uncle Sam.

U. S. Aye, we, too, love the memory of your noble heroes and of your gentle Burns.

*Enter IRISHMAN.*

IRISHMAN. It's good luck I'm wishin' for yez this foine avenin', Uncle Sam. (*To audience*) He's ivery inch a gintleman, he is thot, from the top uv his shtove-pipe hat to the toe uv his number twilve boots; an' it's a foine big country he has, too, where ivery polaceman is Irish, an' half uv Congress is Irish, an' 'tis only a shmall matther uv toime whin we'll have an' Irish prsident.

JOHN B. You must keep a heavy hand upon that fellow; he's bound to rule somewhere. He can't do it at home, so he's coming over here.

IRISHMAN. Hould on, ye ould bloke! Uncle Sam's capable uv tindin' to his own business. He bate ye



onct, an' 'twould be a blissed good thing if he'd do it agin.

RUSSIAN. Peace! peace! This is a peace party; let us have peace.

*Enter TURK.*

ALL. Here comes our neighbor of the East. He, too, knows of Uncle Sam's greatness.

U. S. And are you the "Unspeakable Turk?" I have heard of your mosques and minarets, and I am glad to call you my friend.

TURK. Yes, Uncle Sam, we admire your western ways—your skill, your industry, your perseverance, your—

U. S. Grit—just pure grit, if you please.

TURK. I invite you, on behalf of my people, to come and see our beautiful city on the Bosphorus, and to show us how we may reap the wealth from our fertile fields and rich mines.

U. S. That I shall be glad to do. I may thus find a new market for my products.

*Enter SPANIARD.*

U. S. Here is the proud Spaniard. We have met before, when the meeting was not so pleasant.

SPANIARD. You gave me some hard blows, Uncle Sam.

U. S. Do you "remember the Maine?"

SPANIARD. But that big plaster you gave me has drawn out nearly all of the soreness. After all, it is a good thing for me that you have my colonies. I have more time to look after my home affairs.

*Enter JAPANESE.*

U. S. Here is the "Yankee of the East." Welcome, friend of the Orient!

JAP. From the land of tea and silk, of cherry blooms and chrysanthemums, I come to bring the greetings. May our friendship always last.



JOHN CHINAMAN (*peeking in*). May John Chinaman come to Melican Sam's party?

U. S. Just this once, John. I cannot make a practice of allowing you to come over here whenever you please. You would soon overrun us with your millions of people.

JOHN C. John Chinaman own big country and muchee peoples, but he likee Melican Sam's country, too. He washee cheap for Melican Sam—washee his shirts and cookee his dinner and eiblyting if only he let him come dis country over.

U. S. Again let me bid you all welcome to this party. It does my heart good to see you here. May the friendship that now exists between us last forever.

ALL. Yes, yes, forever!

U. S. And you will find me ready at all times to welcome you.

(PLANTER, COWBOY, LUMBERMAN and MECHANIC *step forward and sing to tune of "Yankee Doodle."*)

Oh, Uncle Sam is big and strong,  
And owns a host of acres,  
He's room enough for honest folks,  
But not an inch for fakirs.

CHORUS.

Then come along, ye worthy men,  
Ye men of every nation;  
For here's the country broad and free,  
And here's the invitation.  
(*All extend arms toward audience.*)

PLANTER—

If you would choose a sunny clime  
Where cotton grows like sixty,  
And luscious fruit with melons vie,  
Then come along to Dixie.  
(*All join in chorus.*)

COWBOY—

The wild and woolly West holds out  
Her wealth and bids your taking,  
And if you pass her treasures by,  
A great mistake you're making.

LUMBERMAN—

The Northern States shall not retreat,  
Their turn is next in order;  
For wheat and timber wealth few states  
Surpass the northern border.

MECHANIC—

If you prefer the busy marts  
Where people crowd together,  
The East is just the place you want  
Despite its changeful weather.

SAMBO. Now, I'se gwine sing yo' a song, too.  
(*Sings a stanza of "Dixie's Land."*)

JOHN B. Thanks, many thanks for the invitation.  
There is no doubt of its being accepted.

GERMAN. Undt dhose songs vas schplendid. Shoost  
let me gif you von odher goot song undt efrybodies  
shoin in mit der chorus. (*Sings a stanza of "Die  
Wacht am Rhein."*)

FRENCHMAN. Ah, my friend, zat vill nefer do. Let  
me sing ze best song. (*Sings part of the "Marsel-  
laise."*)

IRISHMAN. Shtop, sor! D'ye take us all for Frinch-  
men. 'Tis mesilf thot can sing yez the h̄ist song.  
(*Sings a few lines of "Wearing of the Green."*)

JOHN B. Hold, Paddy! No more of that. It's too  
personal. We're not all Germans or French or Irish,  
any more than English. It's all right and proper to  
sing our own songs in our own lands, but we're in  
Uncle Sam's country now, and out of courtesy to him,  
I propose we all sing the "Star Spangled Banner" (or  
"America"). (*All join in singing.*)

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